

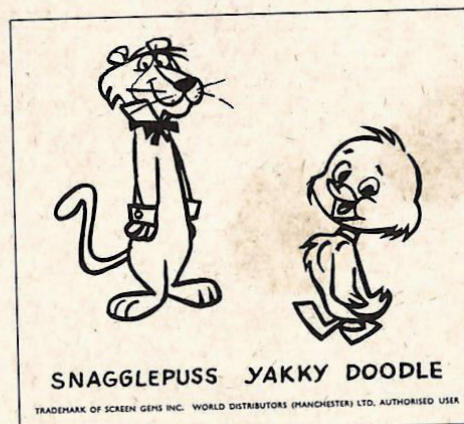
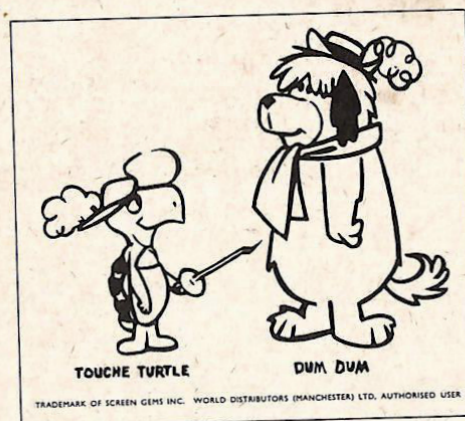
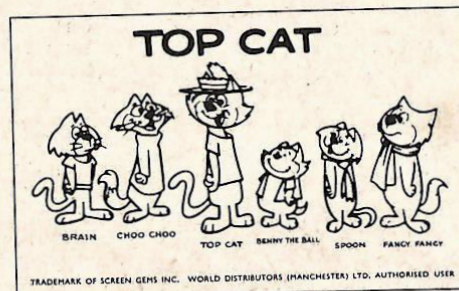
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TOP CAT ANNUAL





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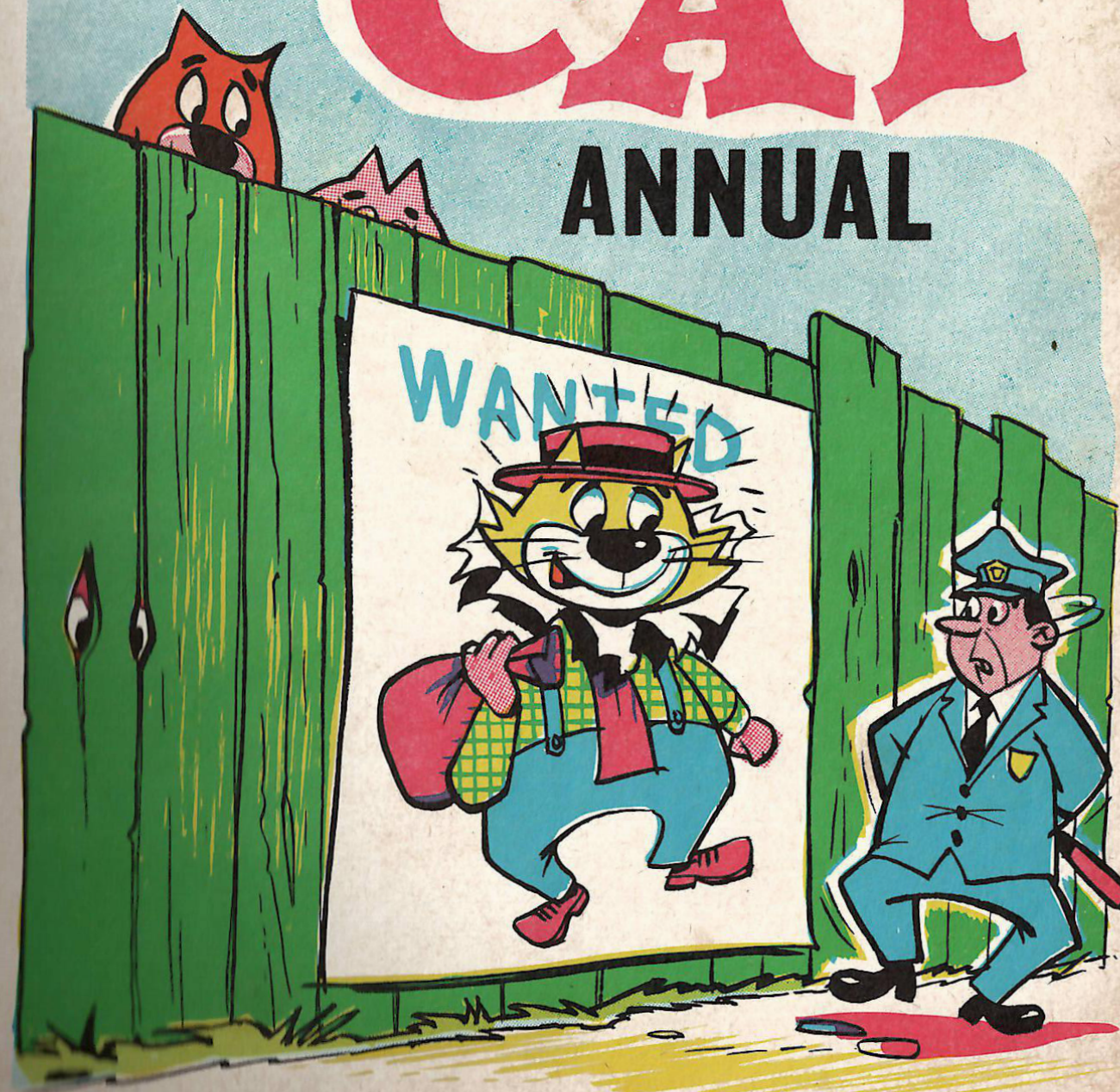
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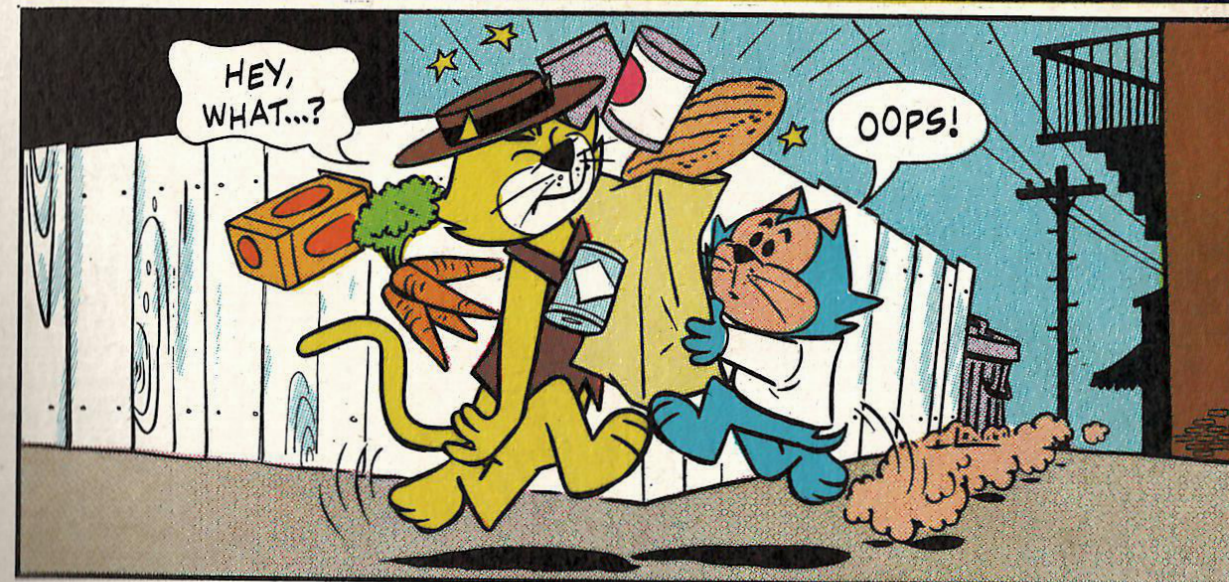


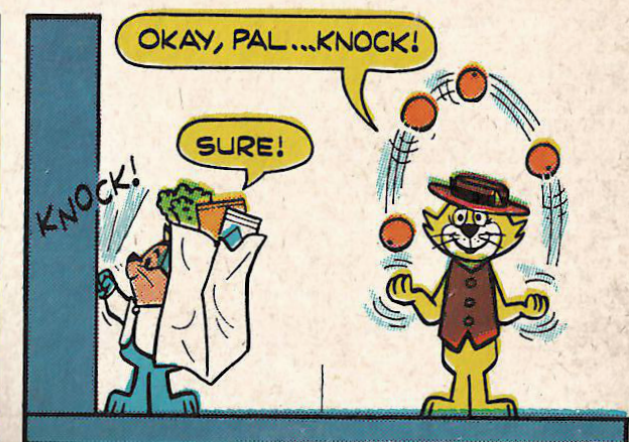
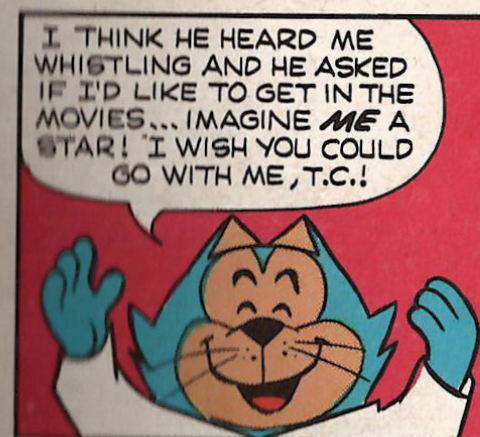
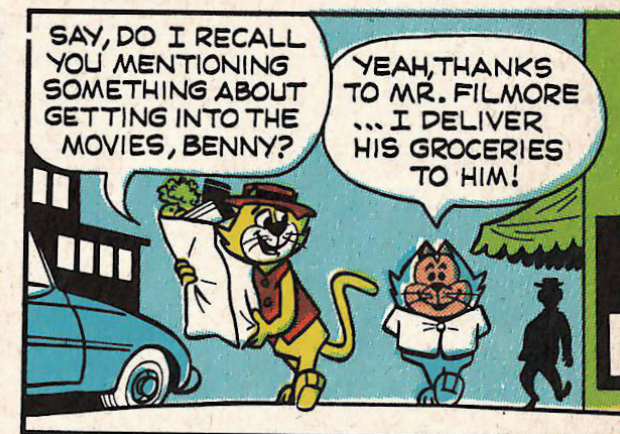
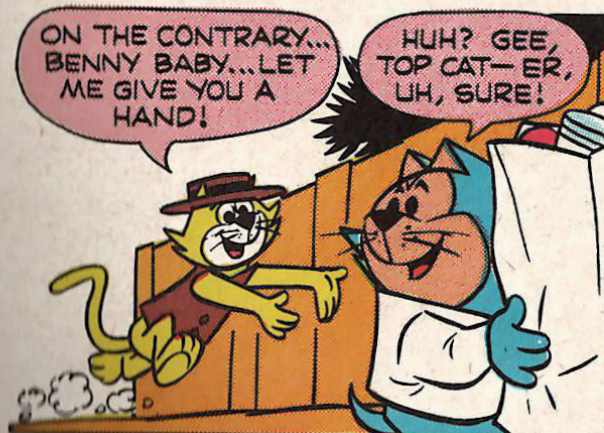
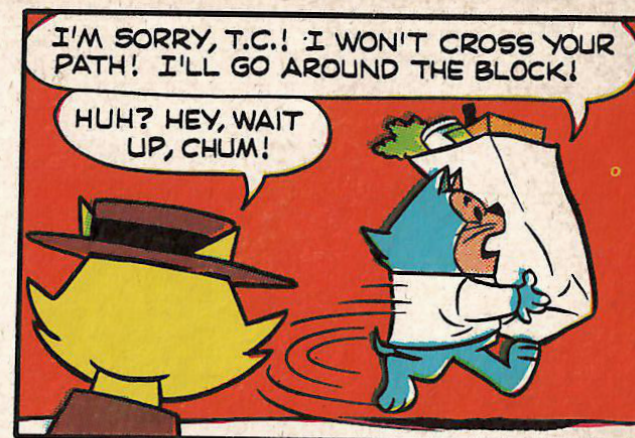
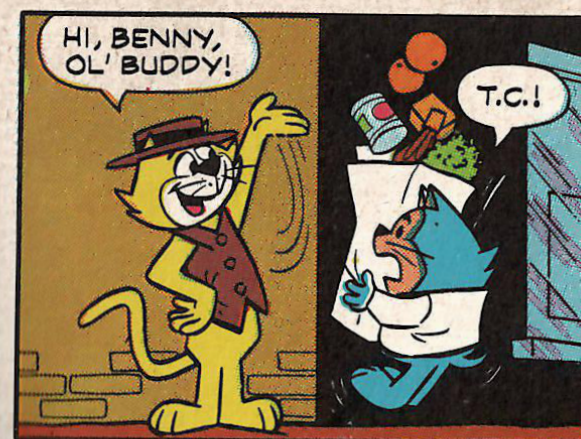
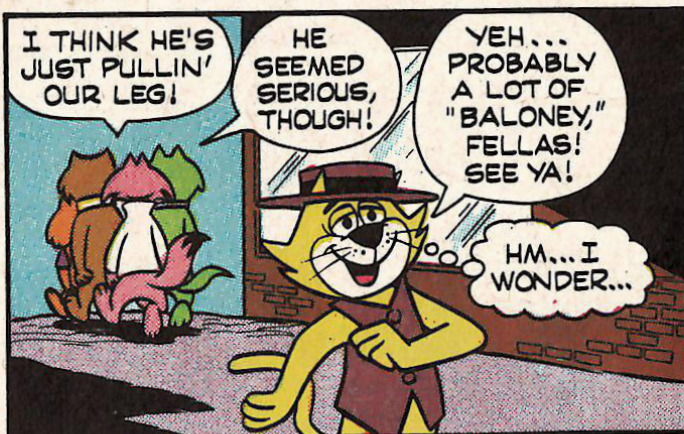
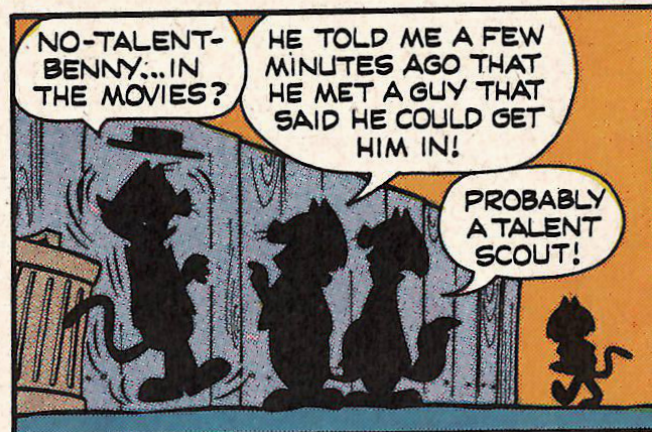
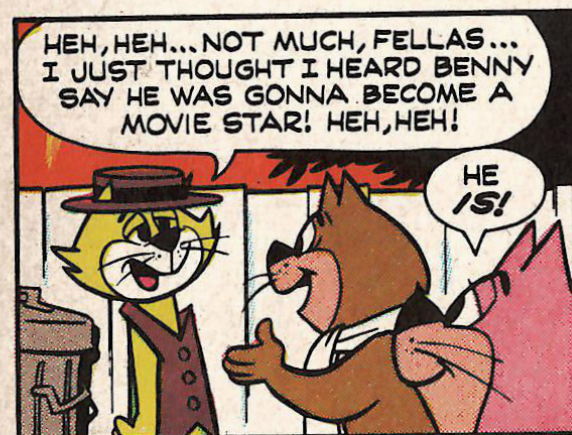
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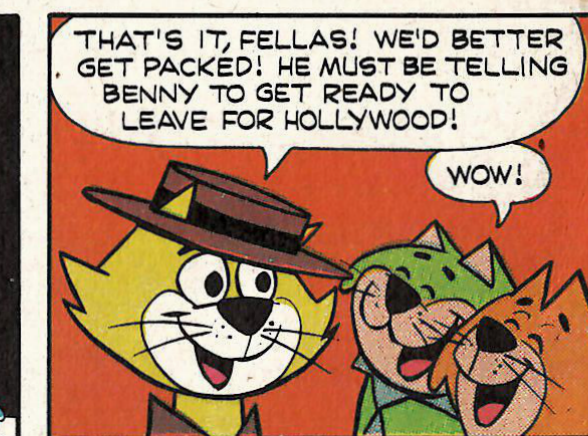
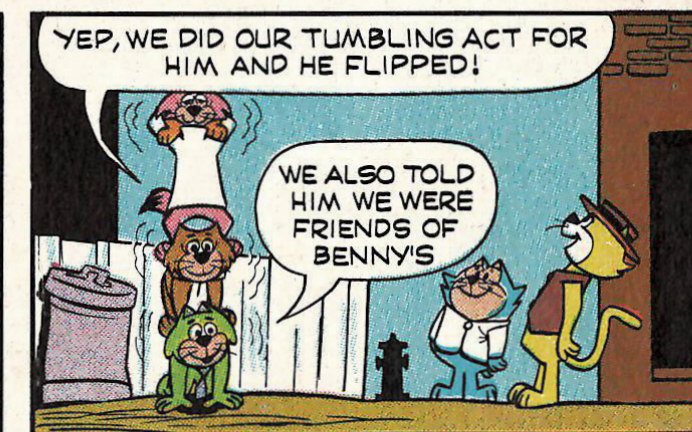
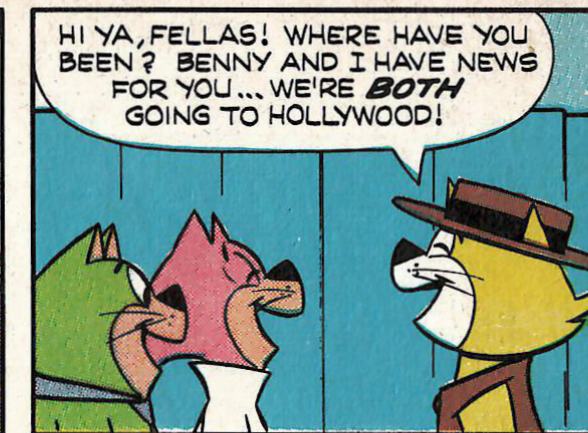
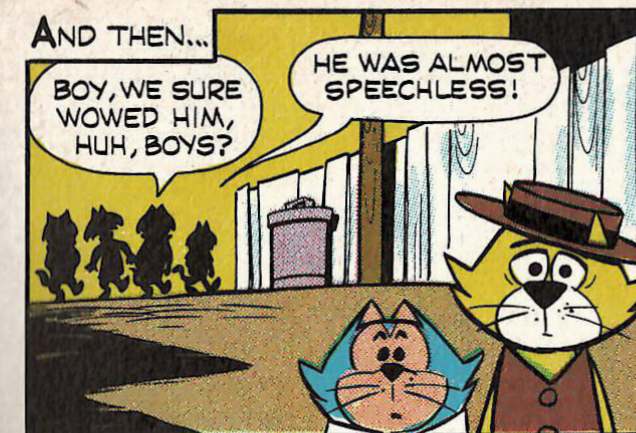
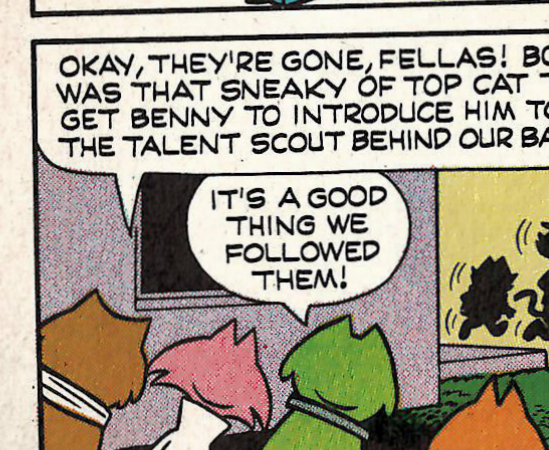
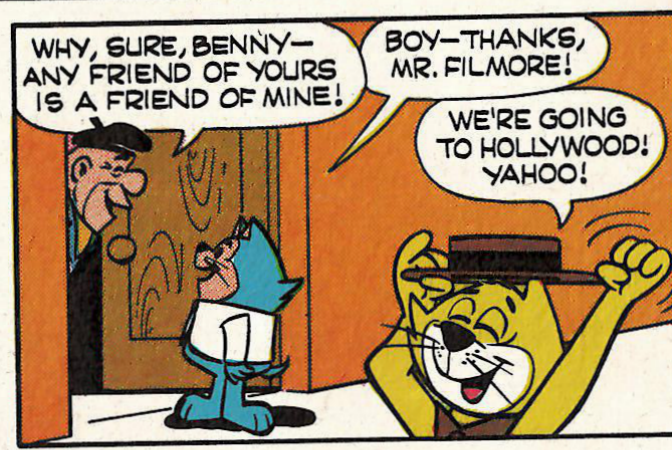
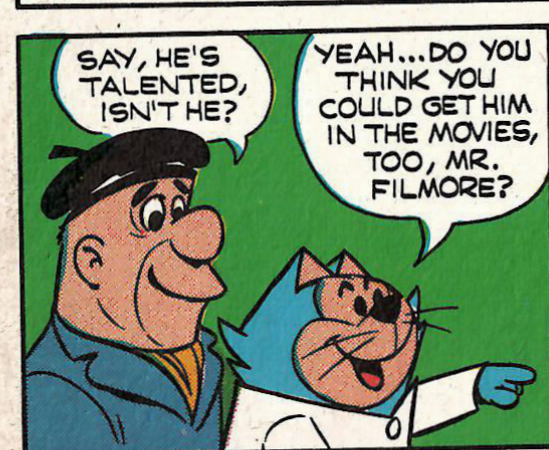
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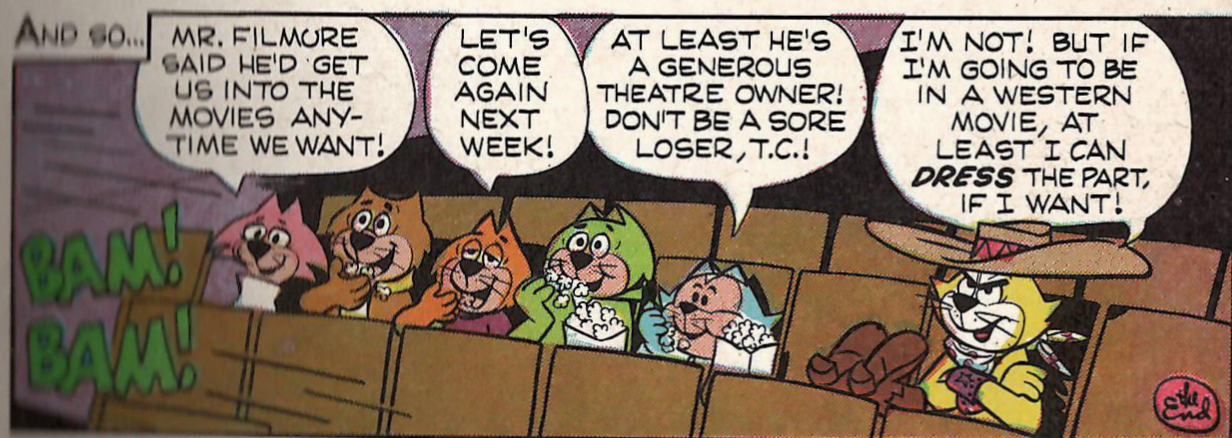
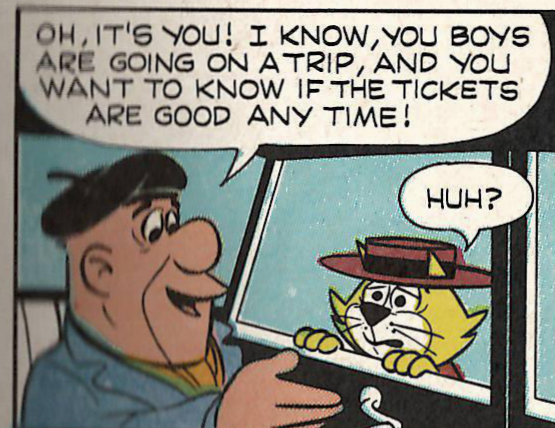
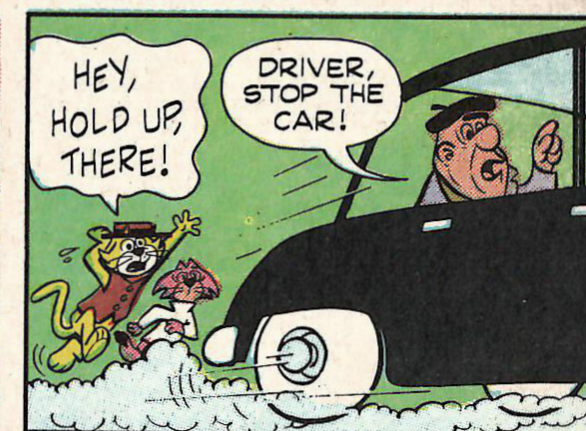
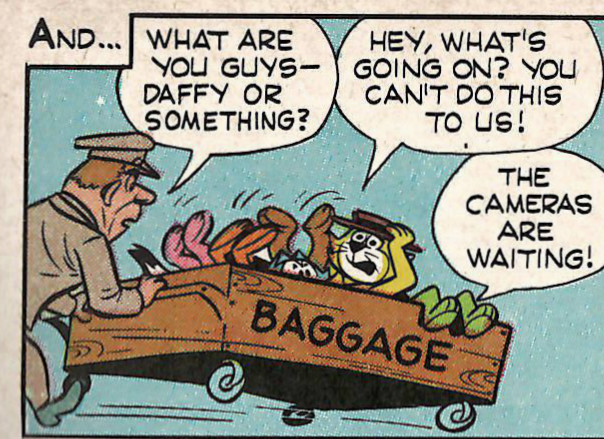
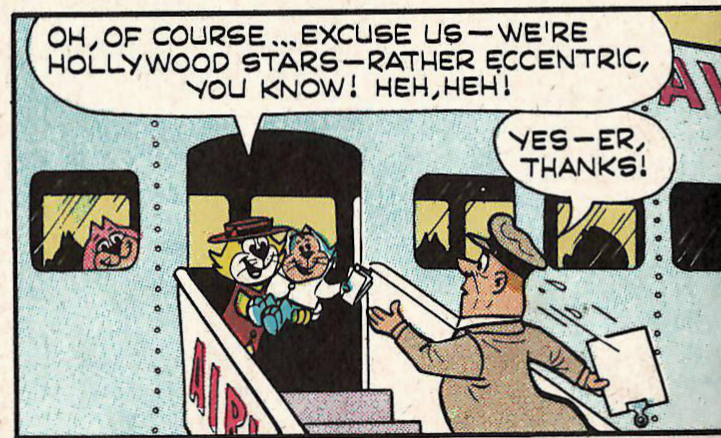
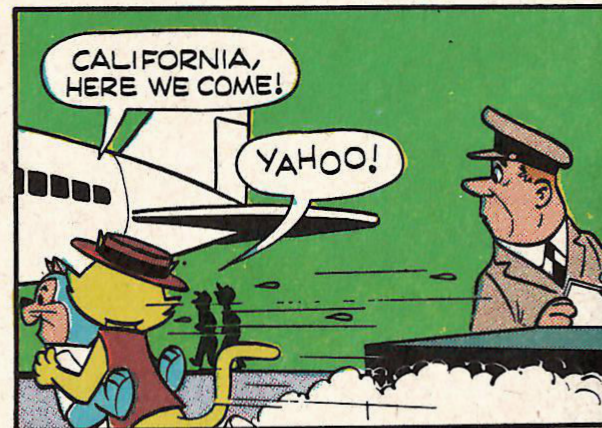
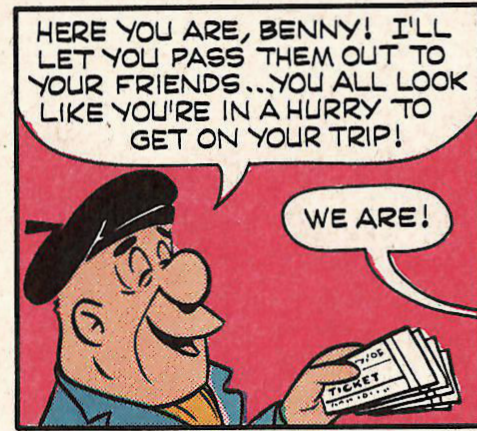
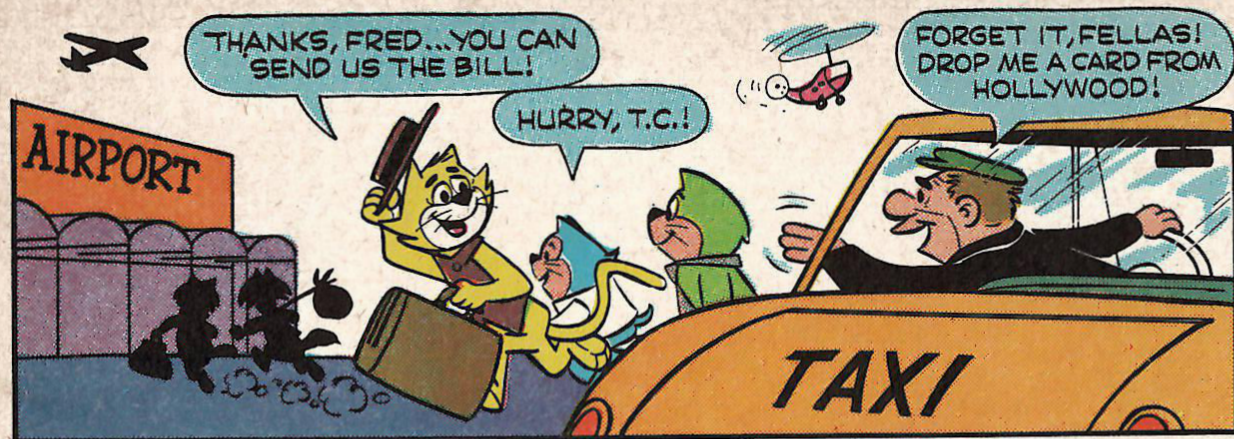
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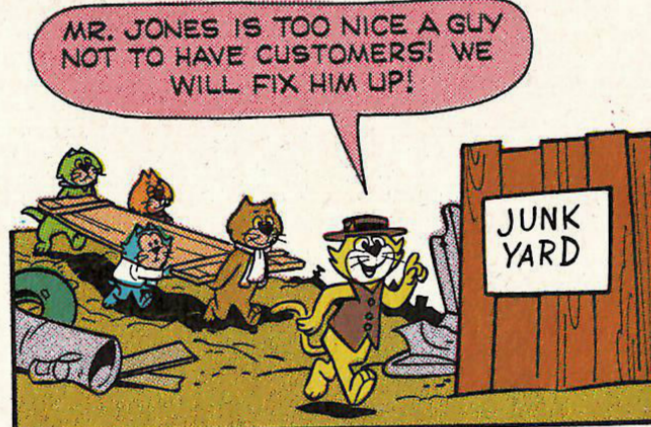
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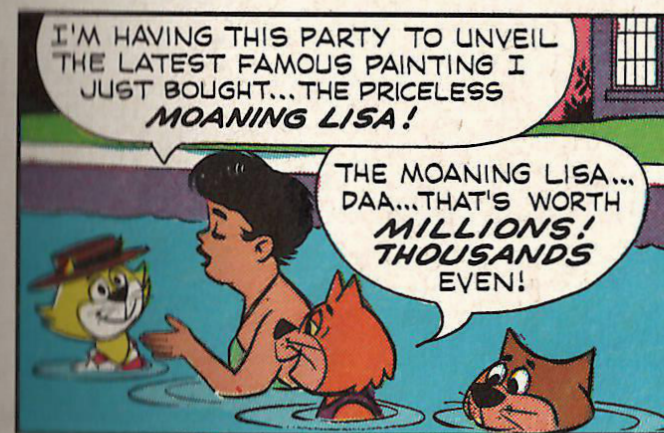
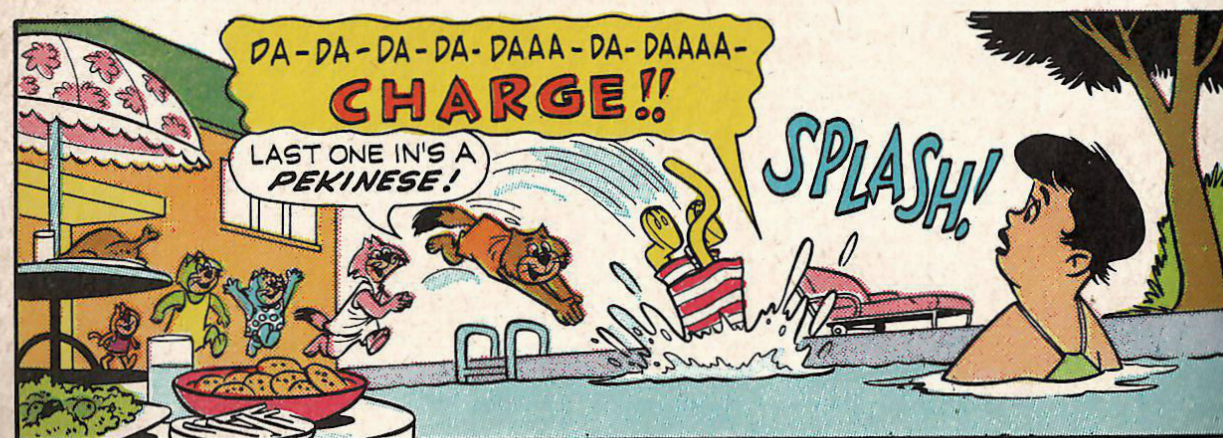
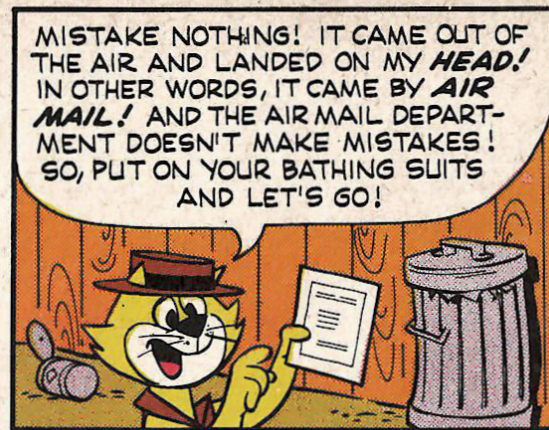


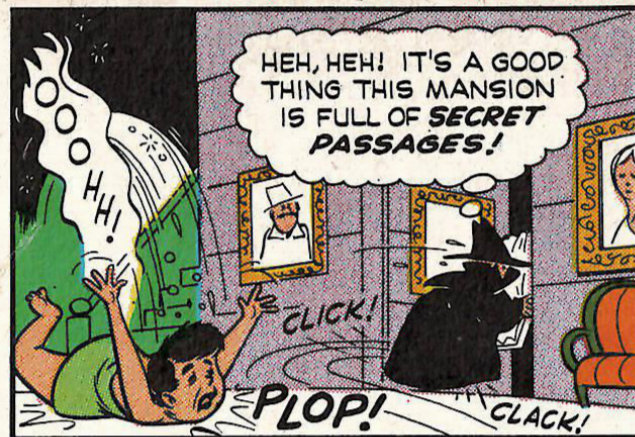




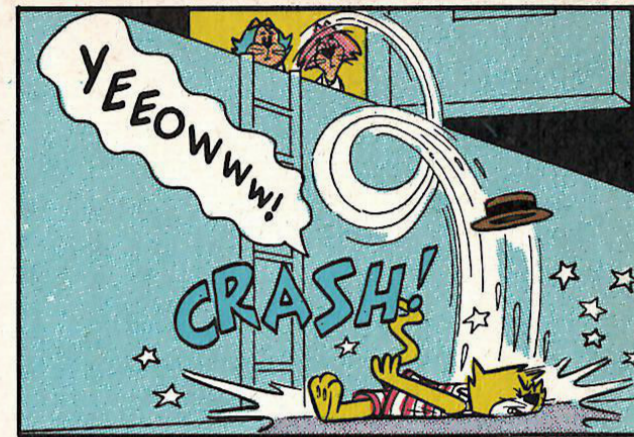
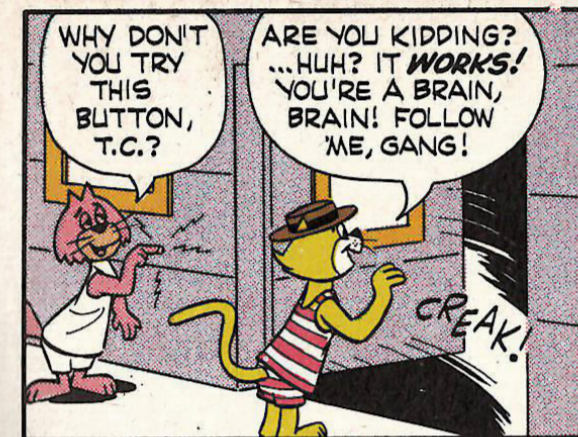
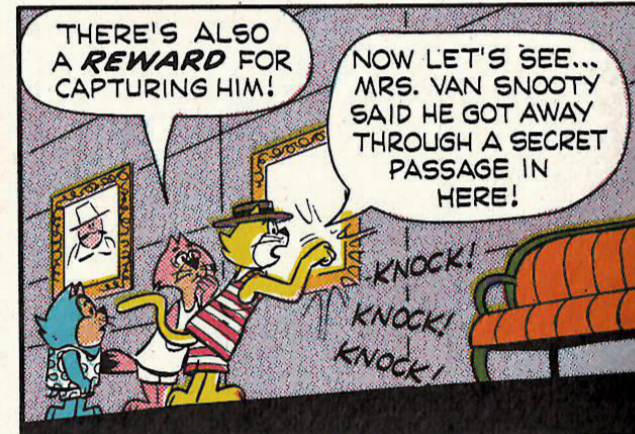
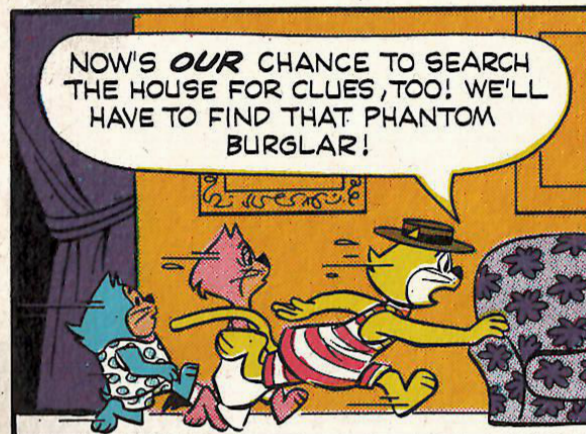
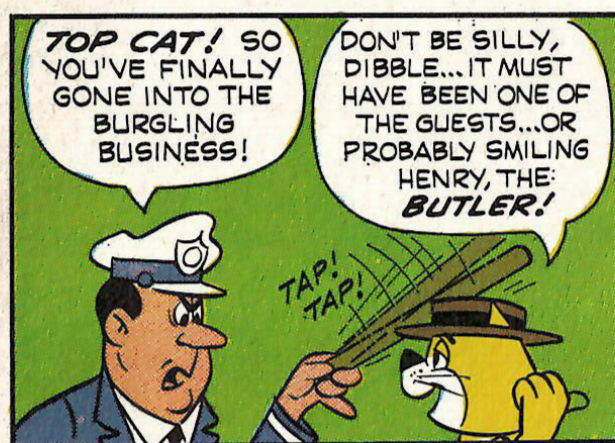




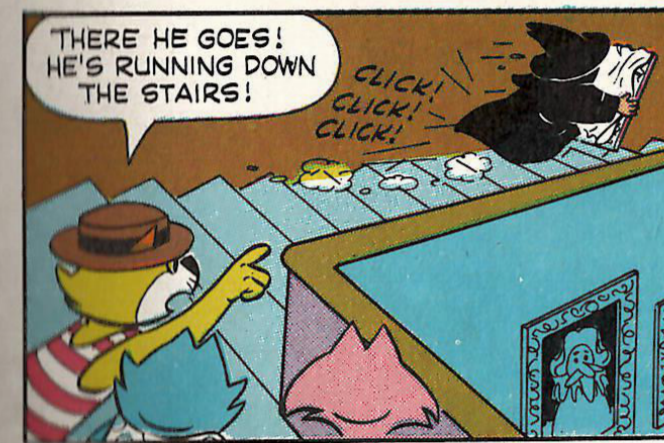


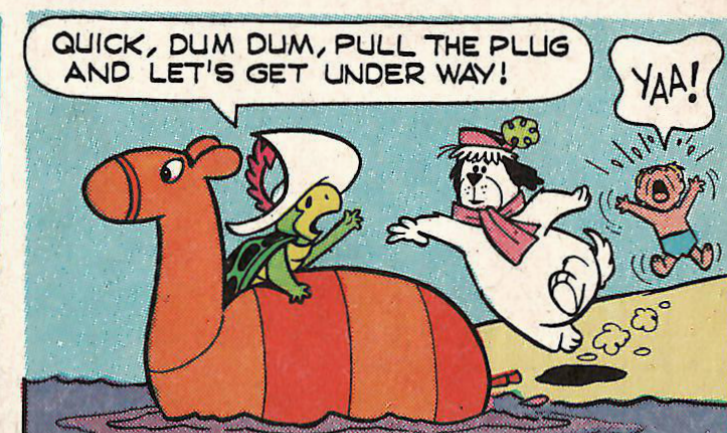
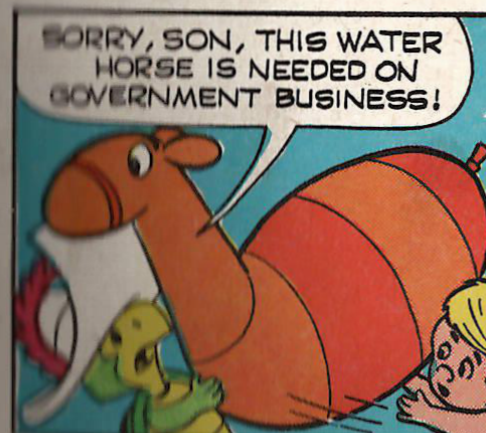
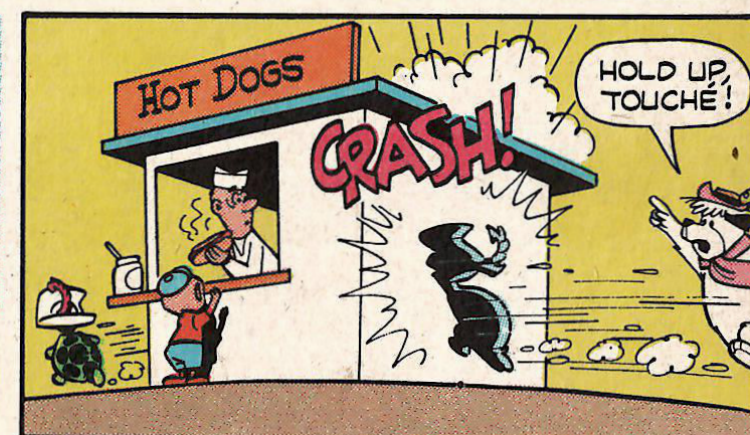
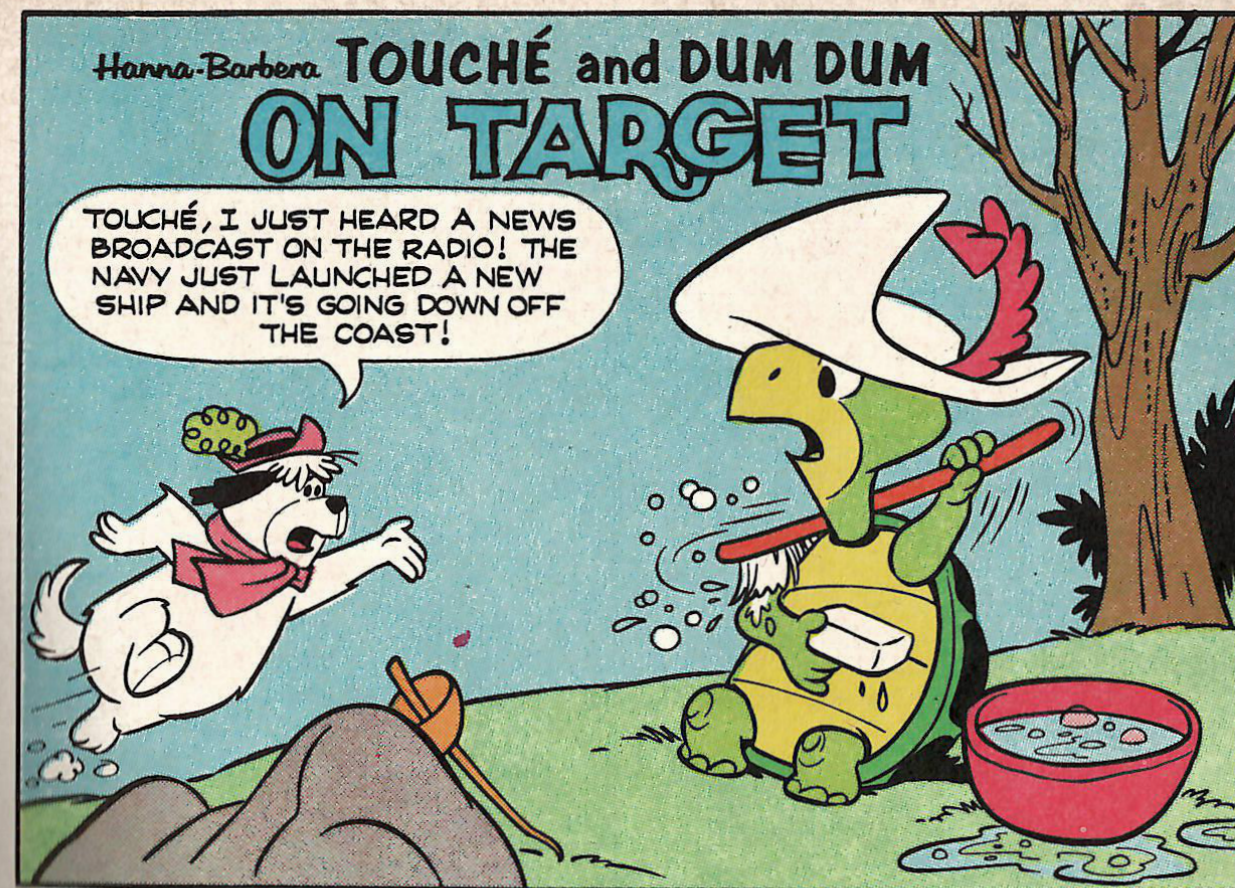
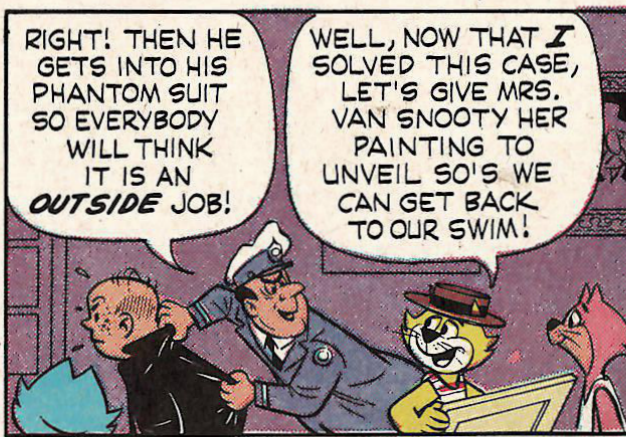
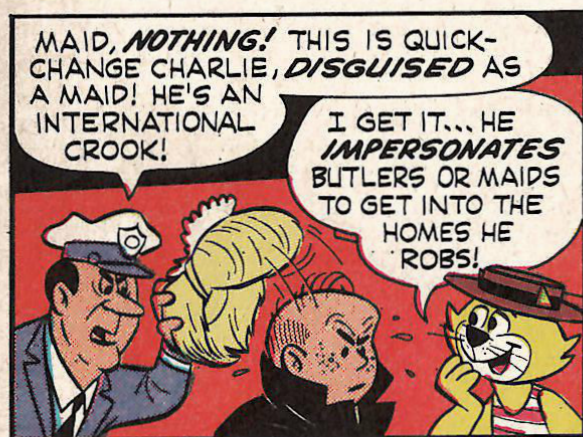
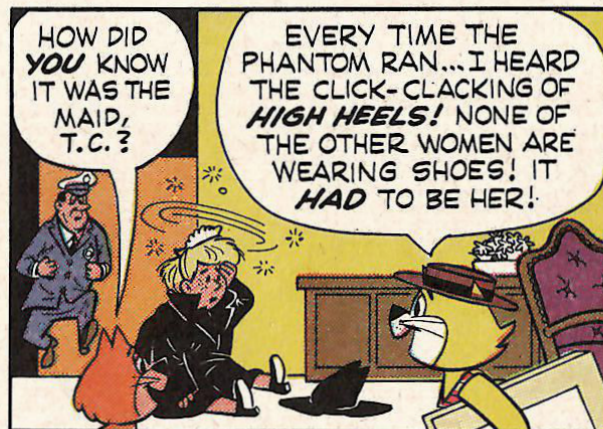


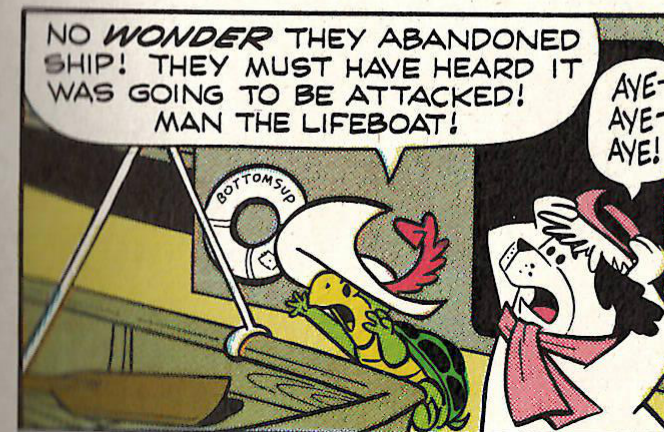
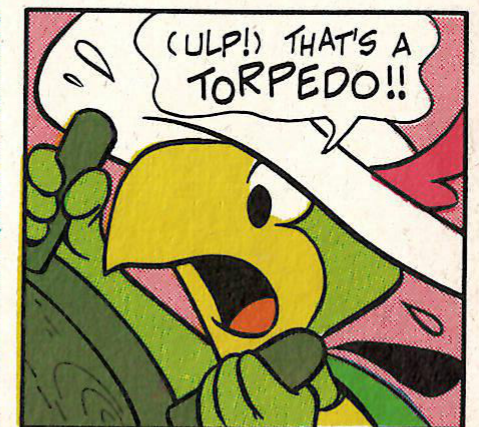
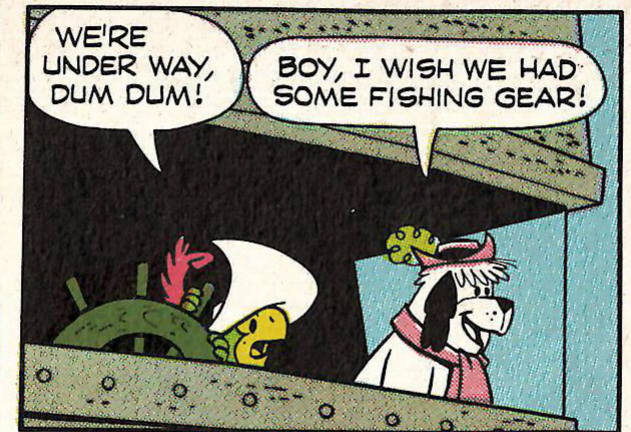
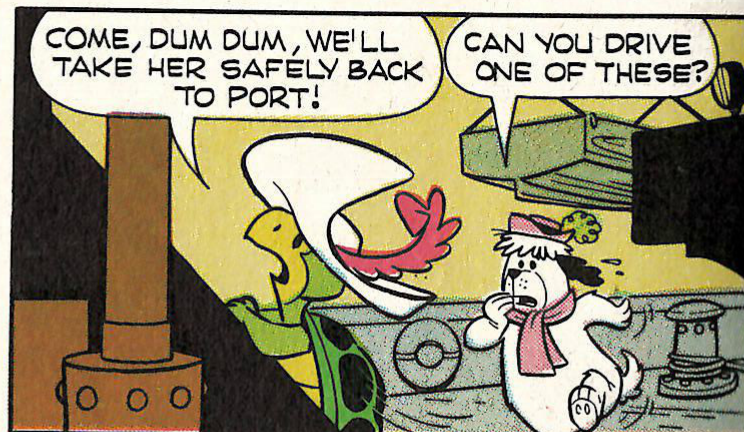
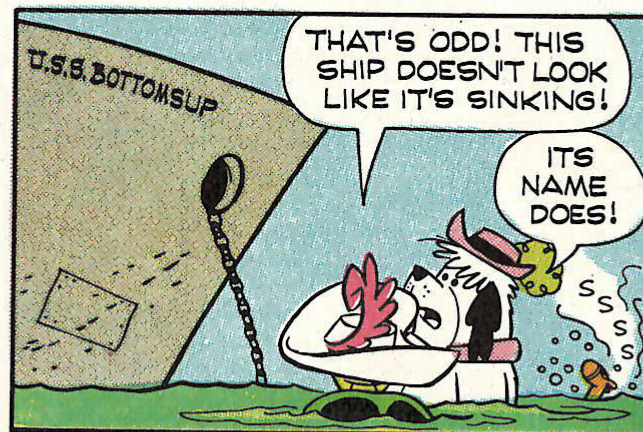
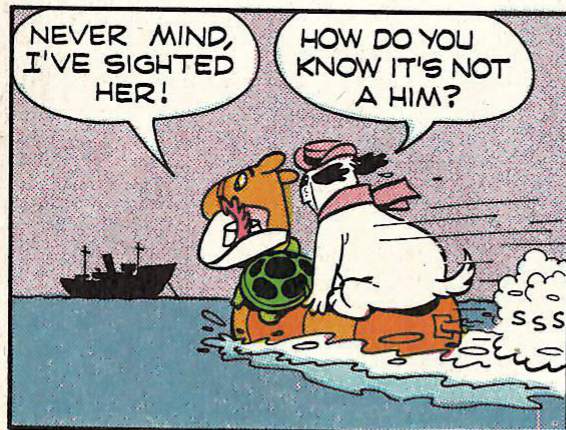
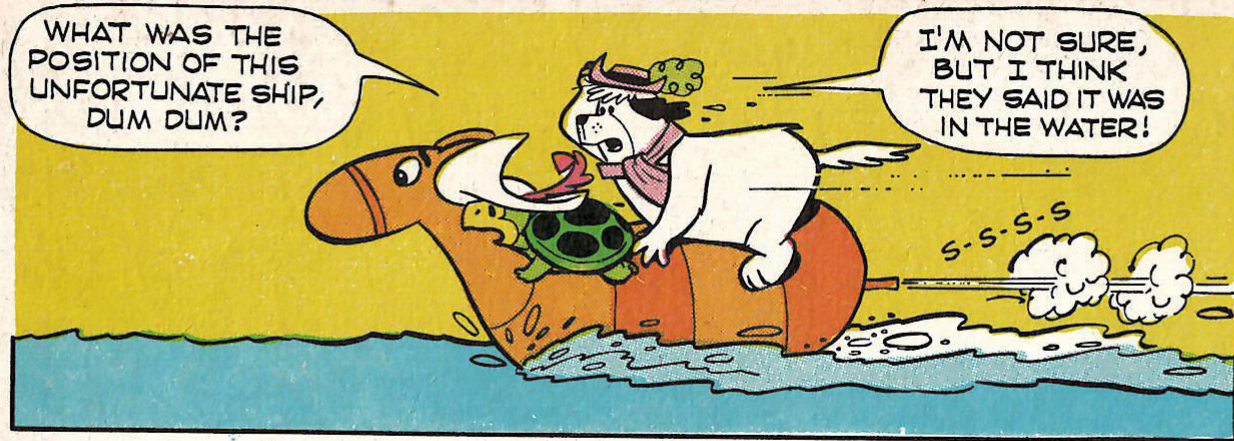
SOON AFTER, THE POLICE ARE CALLED...

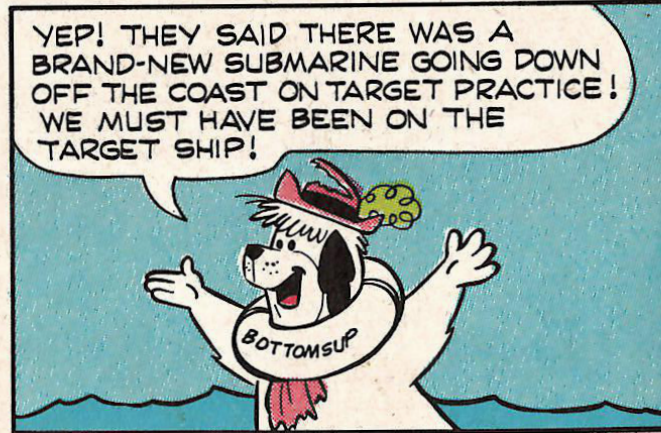
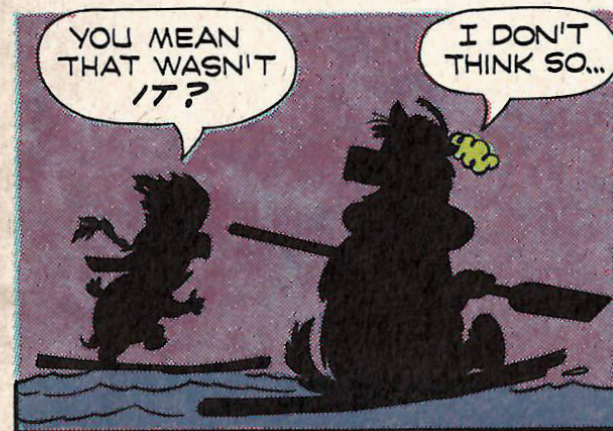


SO, T.C. AND THE GANG FOLLOW THE SECRET PASSAGE TO A ROOM UPSTAIRS...





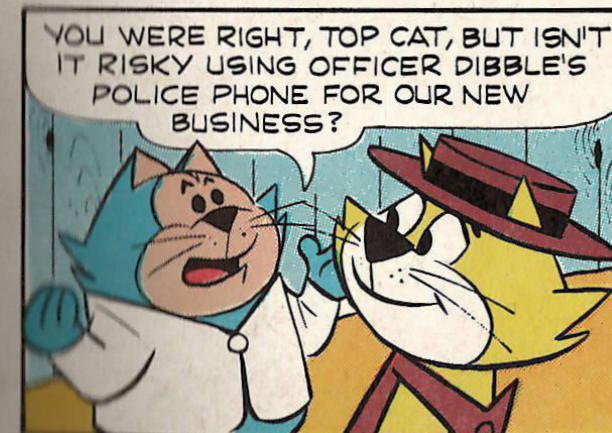
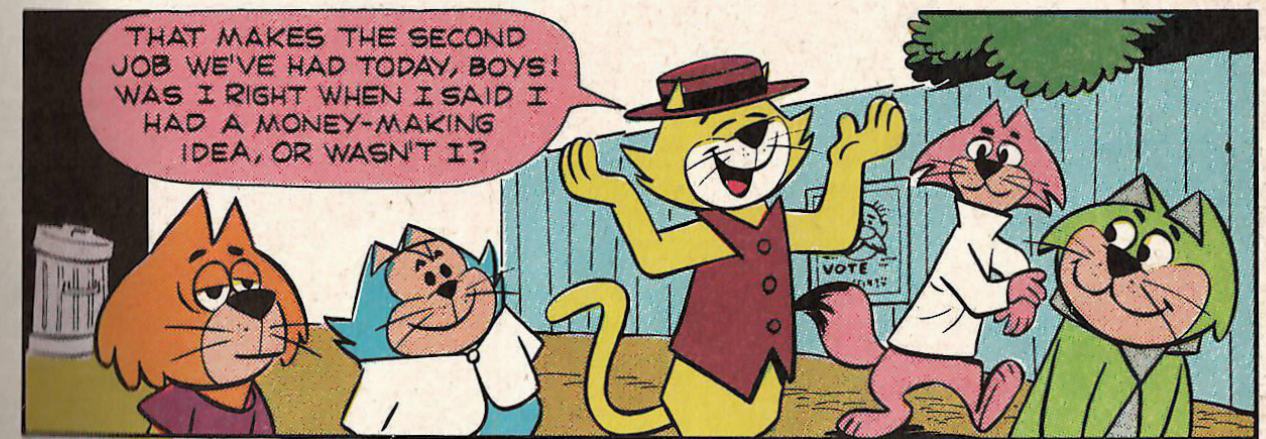
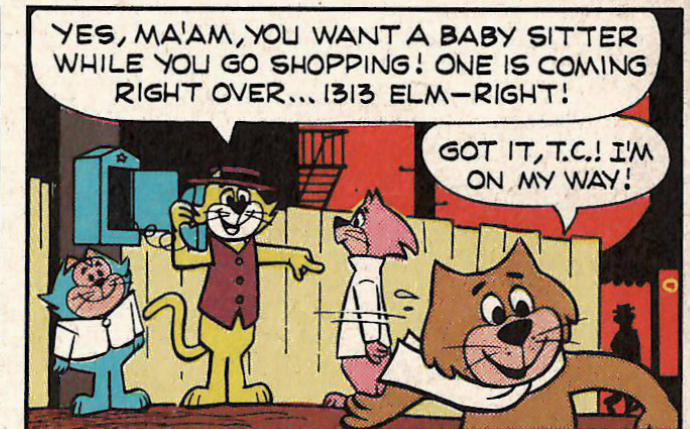


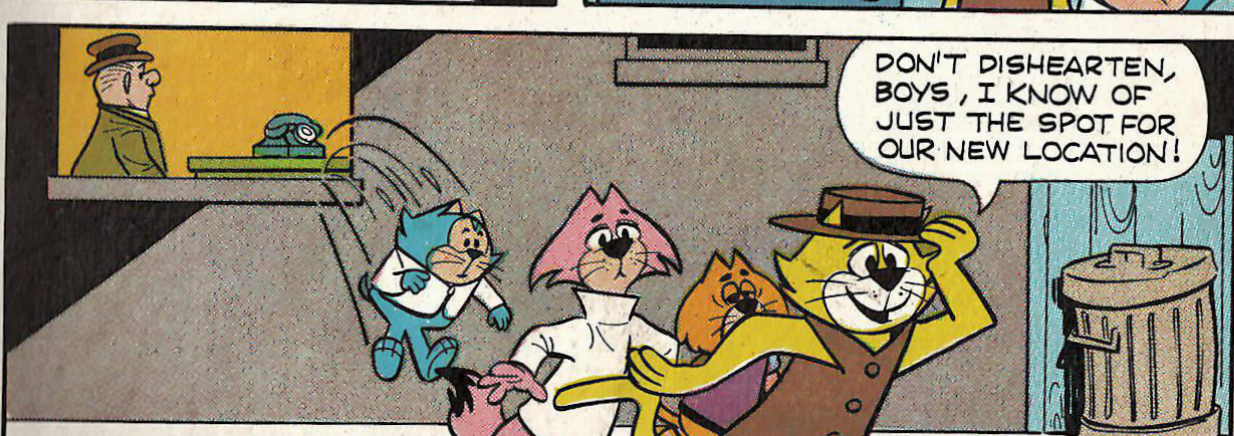
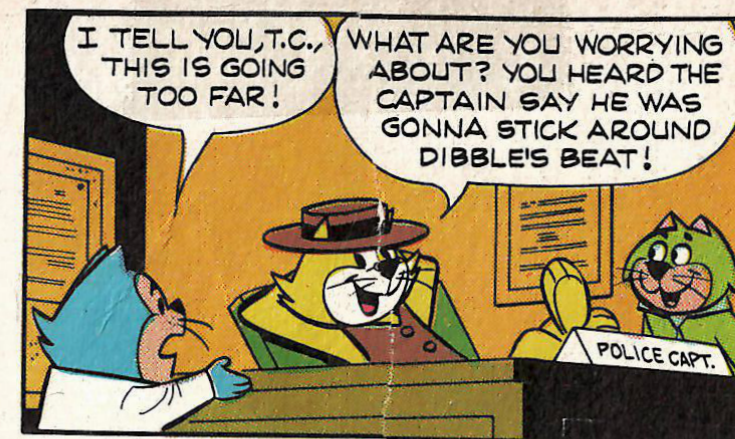
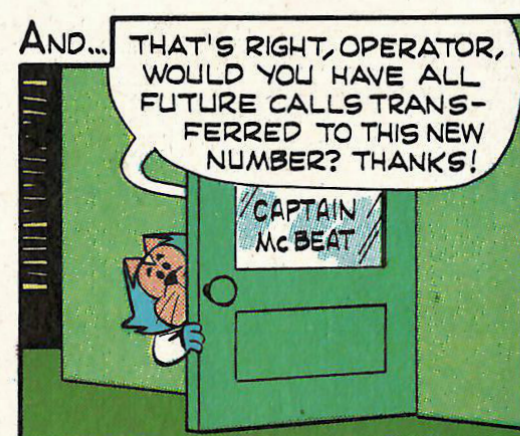
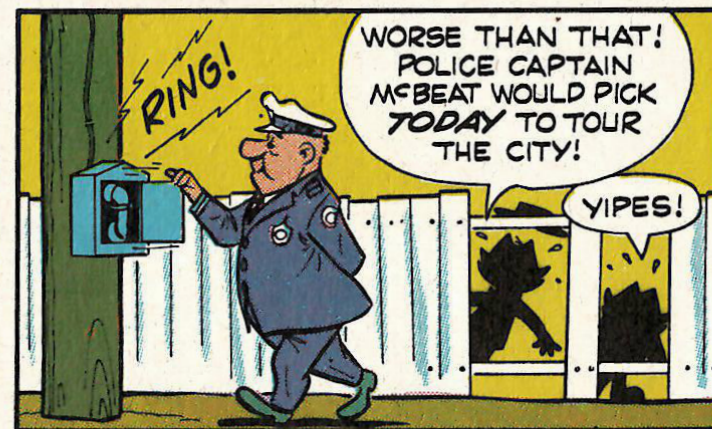


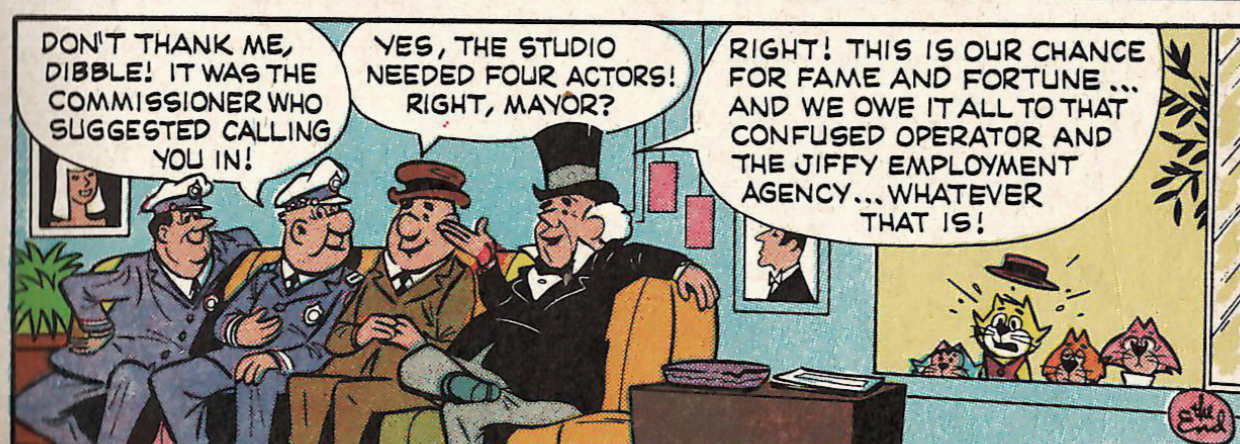
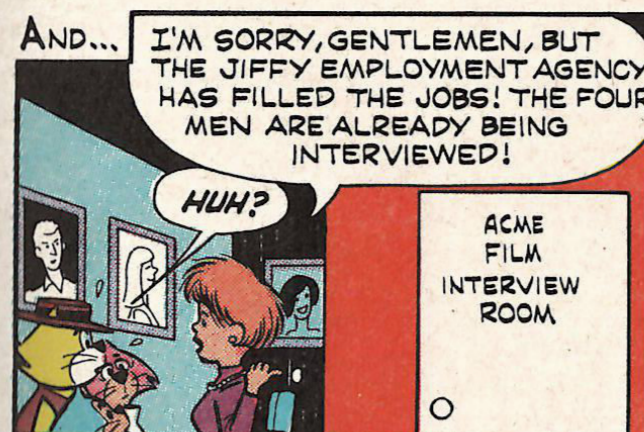
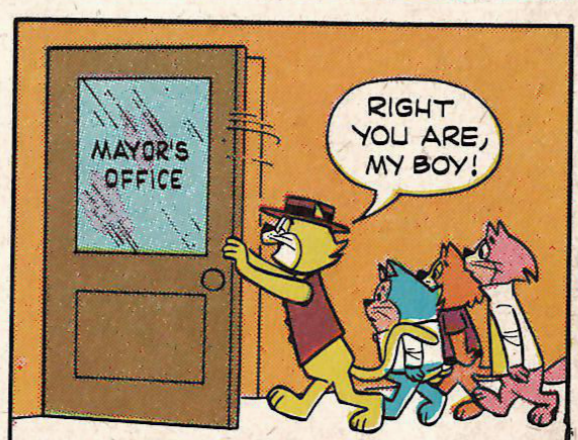
Hanna-Barbera

TOP CAT

HOW TO FAIL WITHOUT REALLY TRYING







AIR MAIL-SPECIAL DELIVERY



Fibber Fox could hardly believe his eyes. There, swimming all alone on the duck pond was Yakky Doodle, and his big buddy Chopper was nowhere in sight.

"What an opportunity!" Fibber gloated to himself. "I can nab that pesky duck with no interference from his bulldog pal."

Hidden by a clump of cattails, he carefully pushed an old hollow log into the water. Then, crawling inside, he floated slowly toward the unsuspecting Yakky.

In a split second, Yakky was firmly in the grip of Fibber's furry hands!

"Got you!" Fibber exulted. "Where's that big, dumb friend of yours THIS time?"

"Right here!" said a voice behind him.

Fibber turned to see Chopper rising out of the water, wearing a skin-diving outfit.

Before he could gulp, Fibber was flying through the air, propelled by a blow from Chopper's mighty fist.

"I'll teach you to bother my li'l pal!" he roared.

After picking himself up out of the mud, Fibber realized that he'd never stand a chance of catching Yakky unless he could be sure that Chopper was nowhere around.

The next day, the mailman delivered a special delivery letter to Chopper. The letter was from a lawyer, stating that Chopper had inherited a fortune from his Uncle Snagtooth, who lived over in Boneburg.

"Gosh, I didn't know I had an uncle who lived in Boneburg!" mused Chopper. "But if the lawyer says so, I guess he's right."

So, he hurried off down the road toward Boneburg. Fibber Fox, hiding behind a tree, watched until Chopper disappeared in the distance.

"That bulldog is a real bonehead!" he chuckled to himself. "It'll take him half a

day to get to Boneburg, and while he is gone I can nab Yakky at my leisure."

Fibber settled himself comfortably under the tree and waited for Yakky Doodle.

Meanwhile, Chopper hurried off toward Boneburg, thinking about what he was going to do with his fortune. First, he'd buy the biggest steak he could find, and then he'd buy... He stopped suddenly.

"What a very selfish dog I am!" he said. "Here I'm thinking only about myself and forgetting all about my li'l pal Yakky. He should share in my good luck, too!"

With that, Chopper turned around and he headed back to get Yakky.

Fibber's vigil, meanwhile, had paid off, for he had spotted Yakky strolling down the road to visit Chopper, and once again poor Yakky was firmly in the grip of Fibber's furry hands.

"Ha!" sneered Fibber. "Where's that big, dumb friend of yours THIS time?"

"Right here!" said a voice behind him. To Fibber's horror, there stood Chopper! The fox gulped. "I—I thought you were on your way to Boneburg!"

"I was, but..." began Chopper. But then he paused as a thought struck him. "How did you know I was going to Boneburg?"

"I, uh, er, uh..." faltered Fibber.

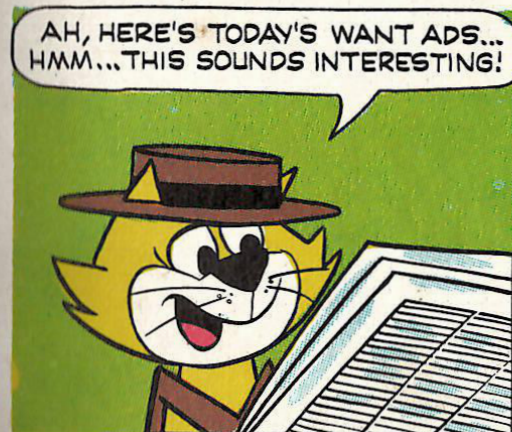
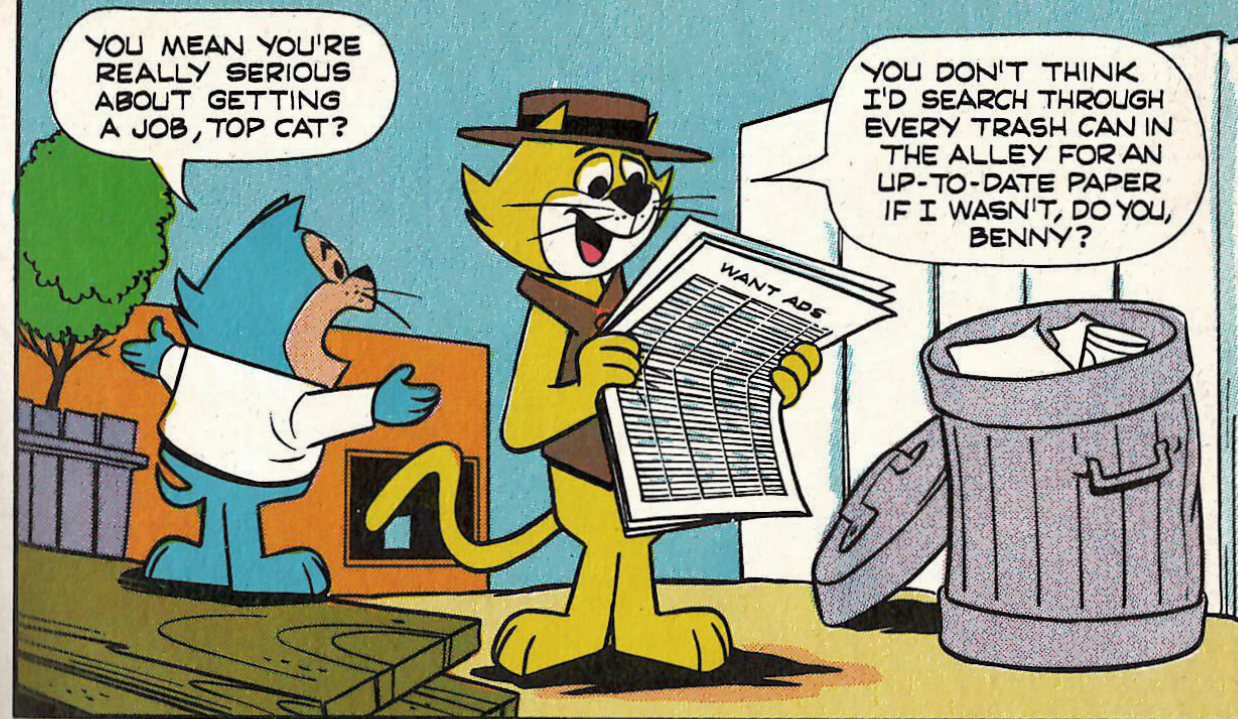
"You know what I think?" growled Chopper. "That letter was a phoney, and YOU sent it to me!" He grabbed Fibber by the scruff of the neck. "Tell the truth! Did you send me that letter, Fibber Fox?"

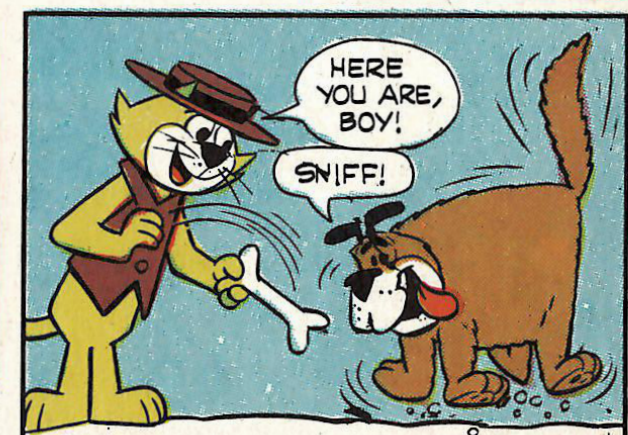
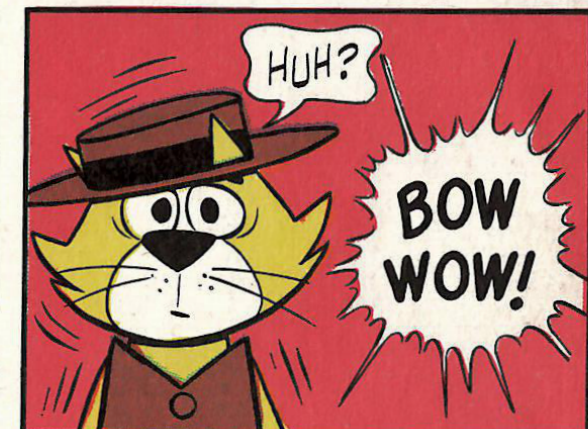
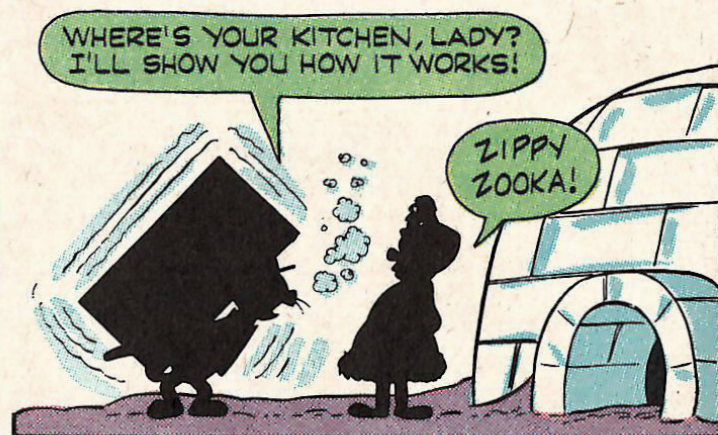
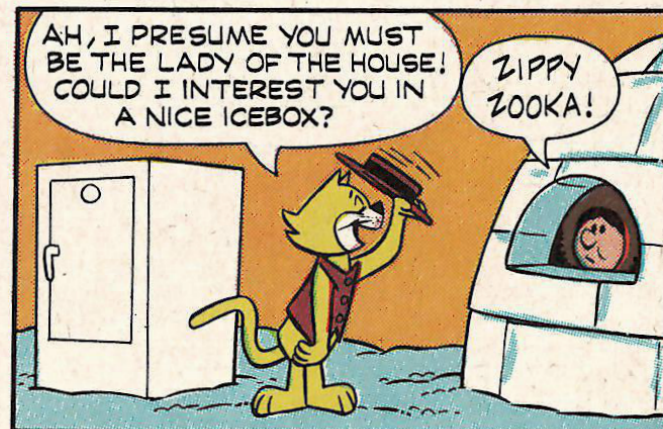
"Y-y-yes!" croaked the miserable fox. With that, Chopper gave a mighty heave, and Fibber went flying high into the sky.

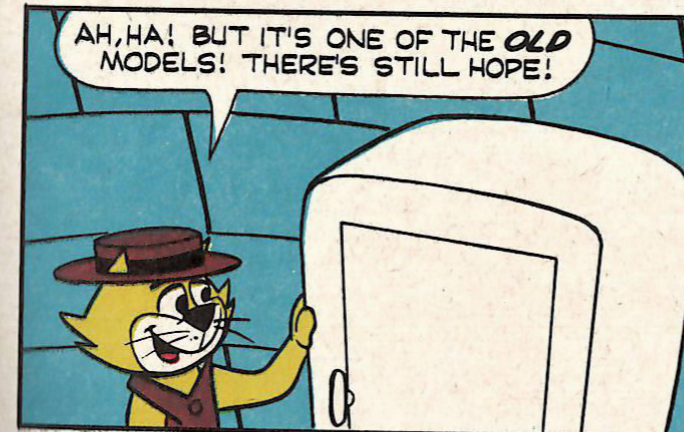
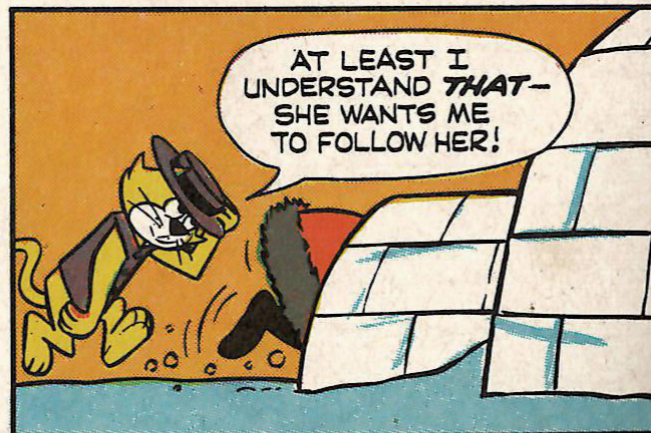
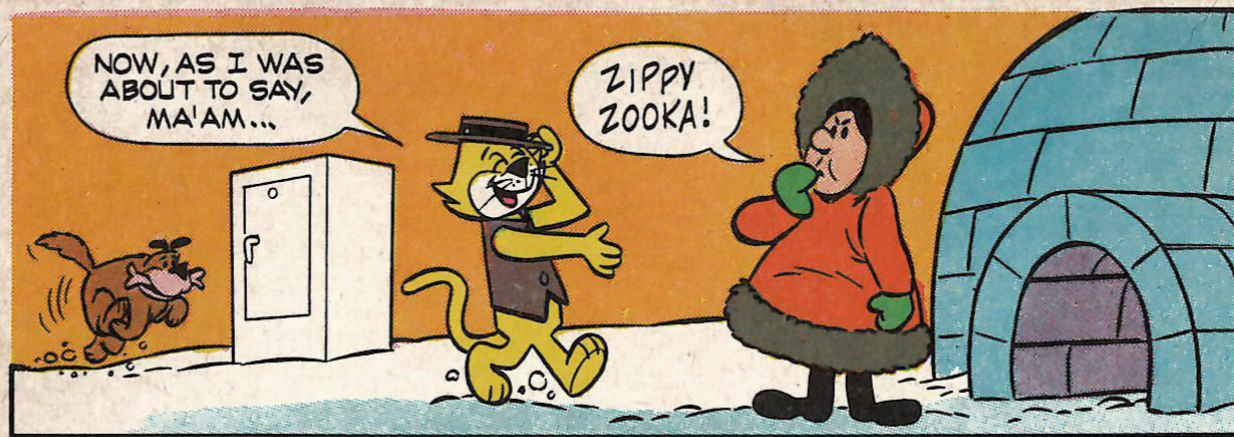
"You may not be going to Boneburg, but it looks like he is," laughed Yakky. "And he's going air mail—special delivery."

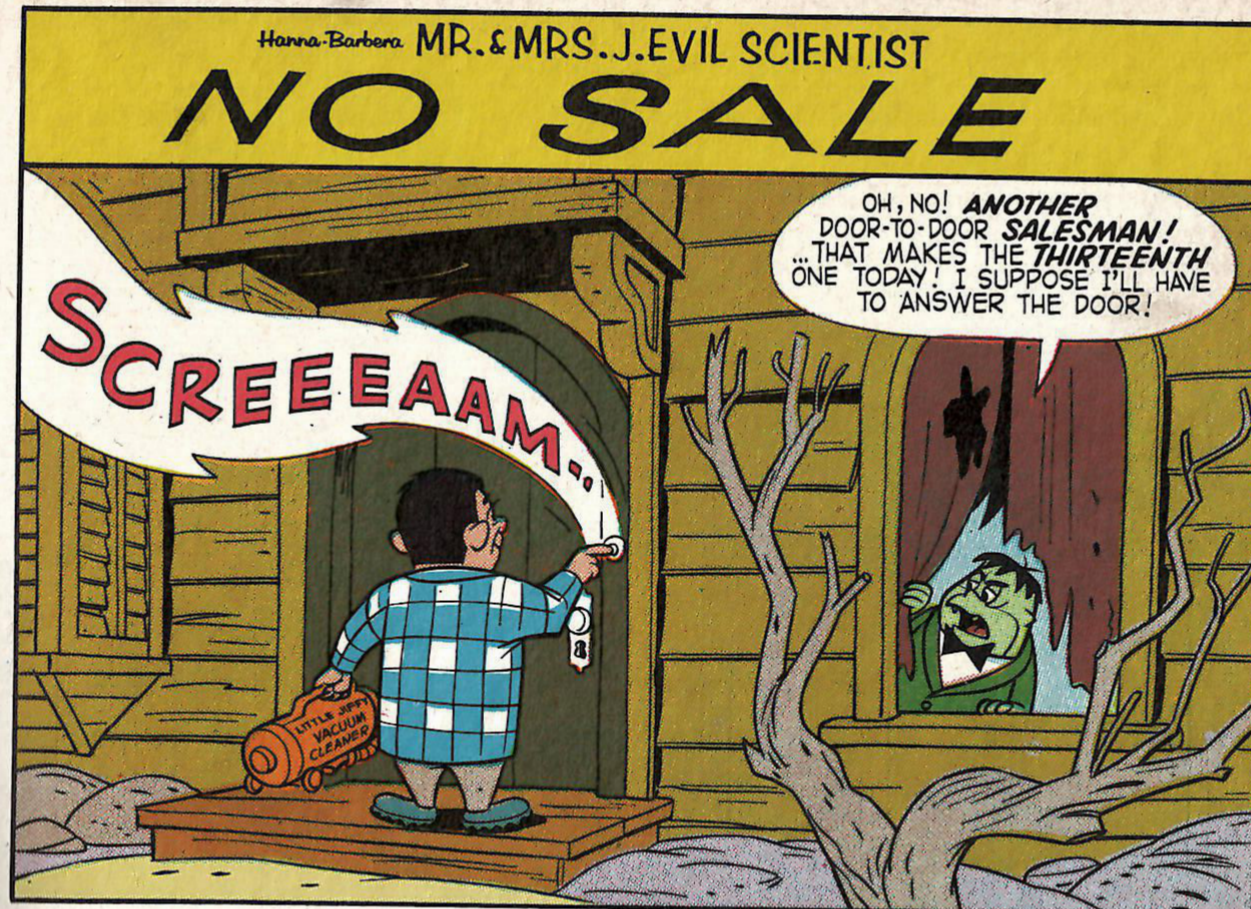
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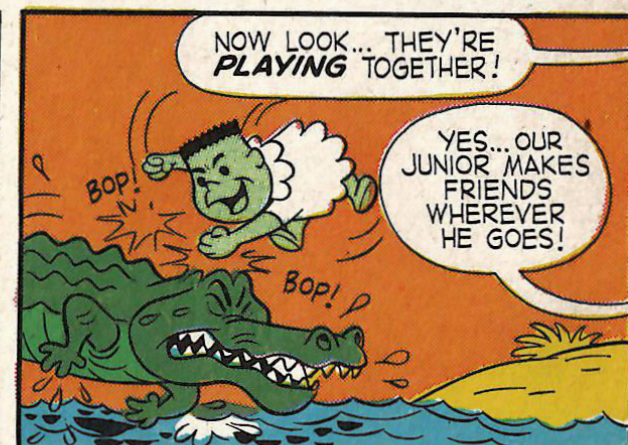
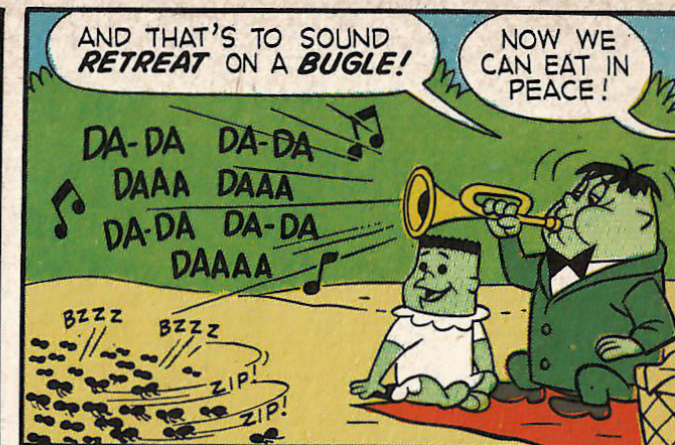
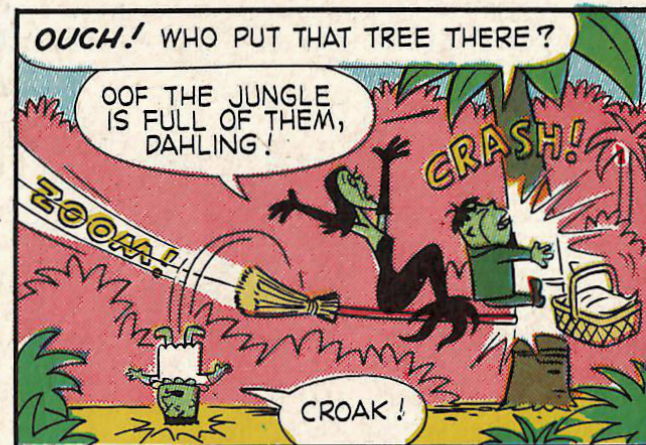
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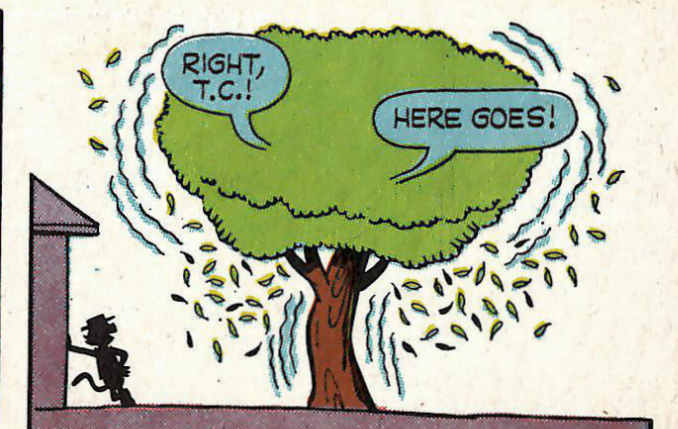
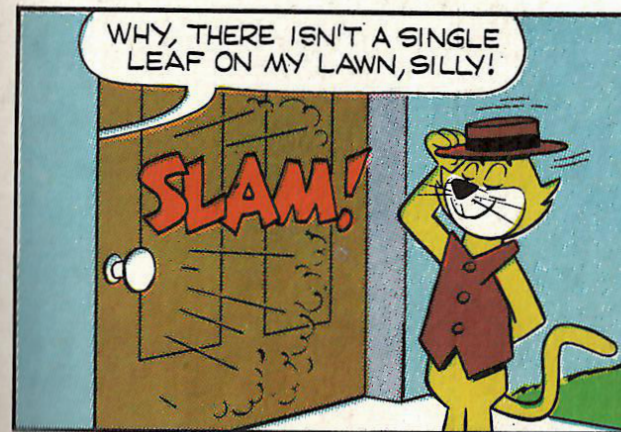
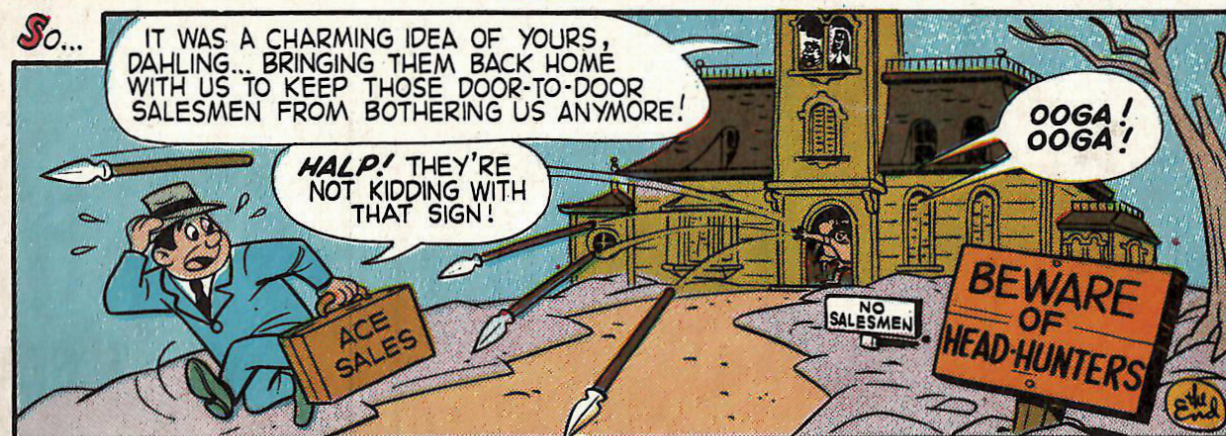
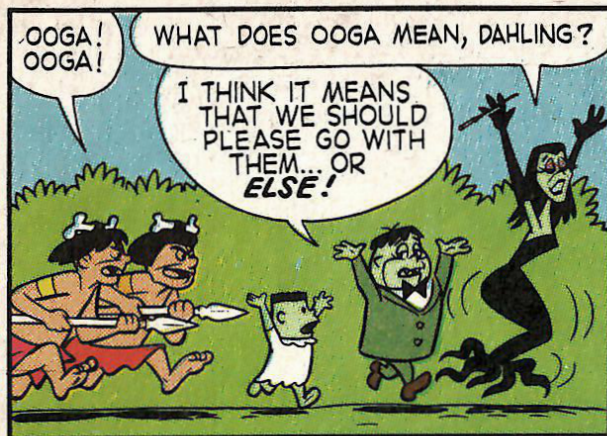


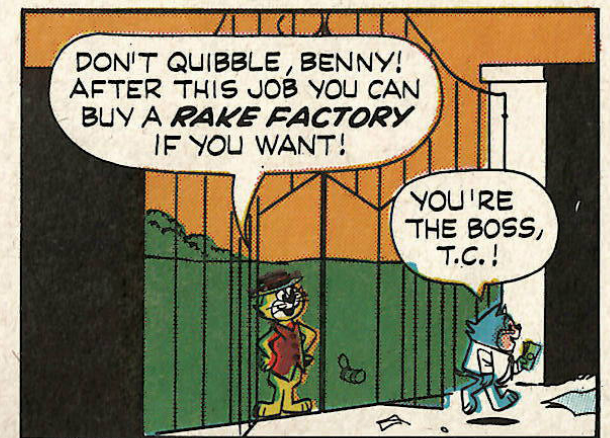
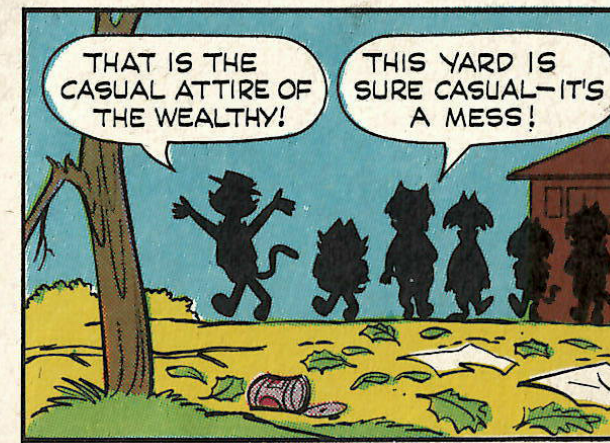
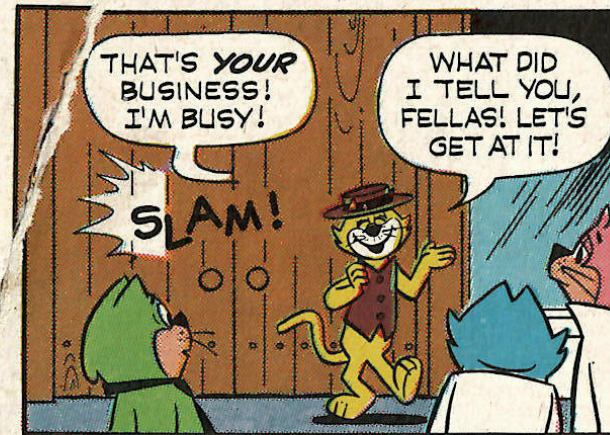
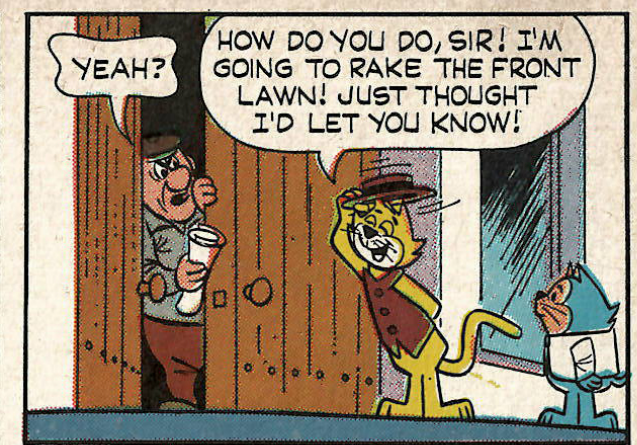
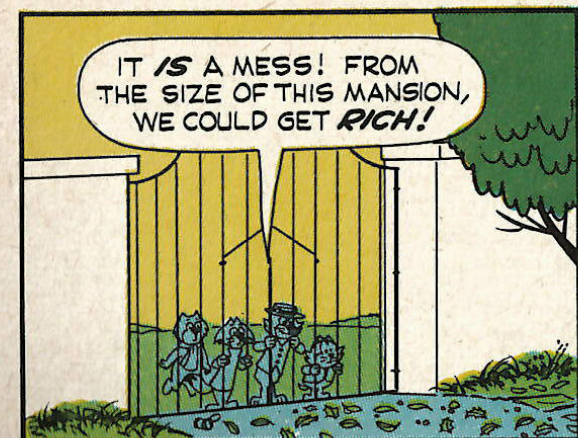
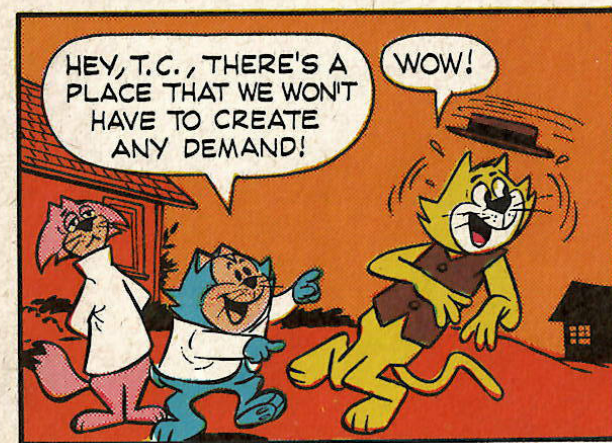
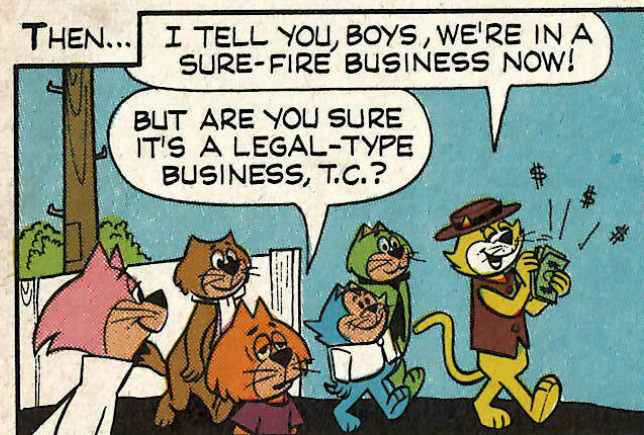
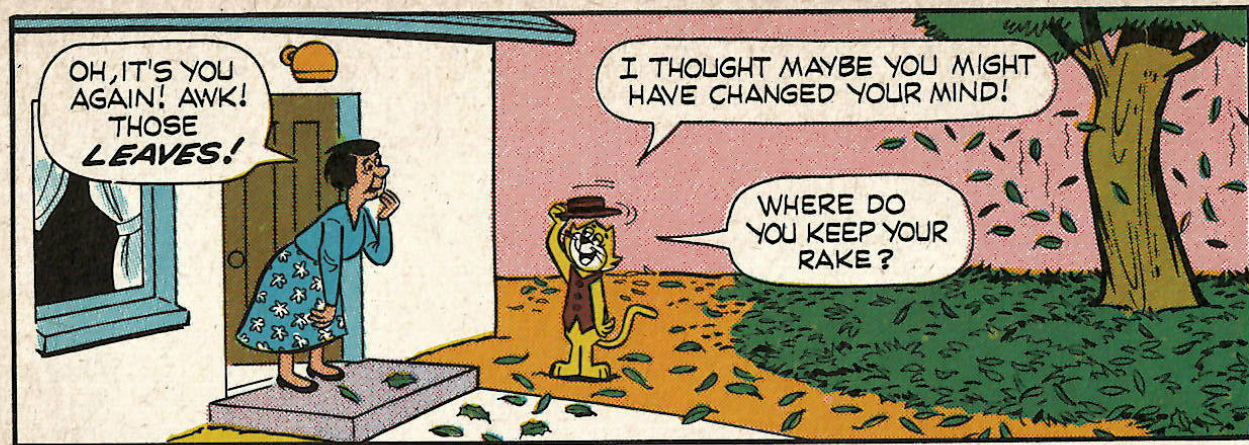


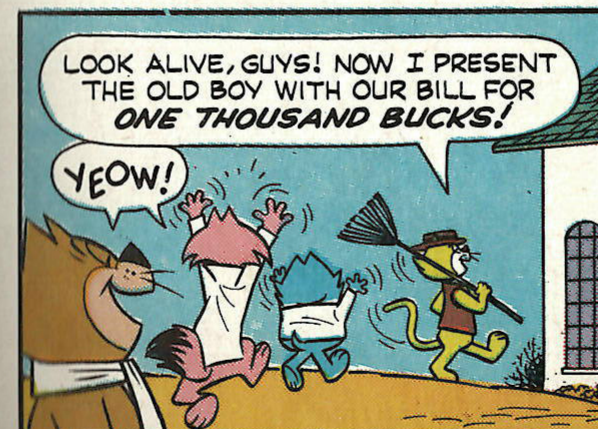
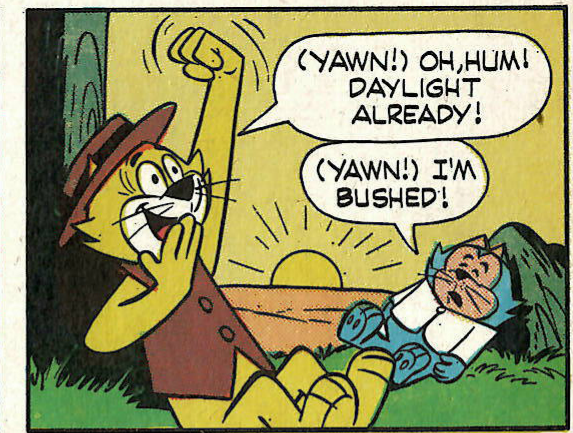
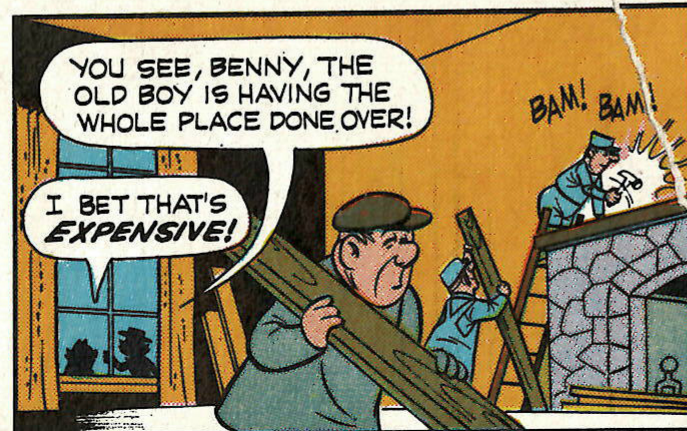


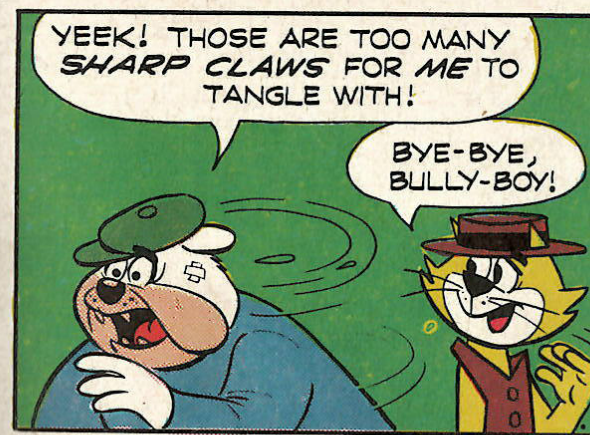
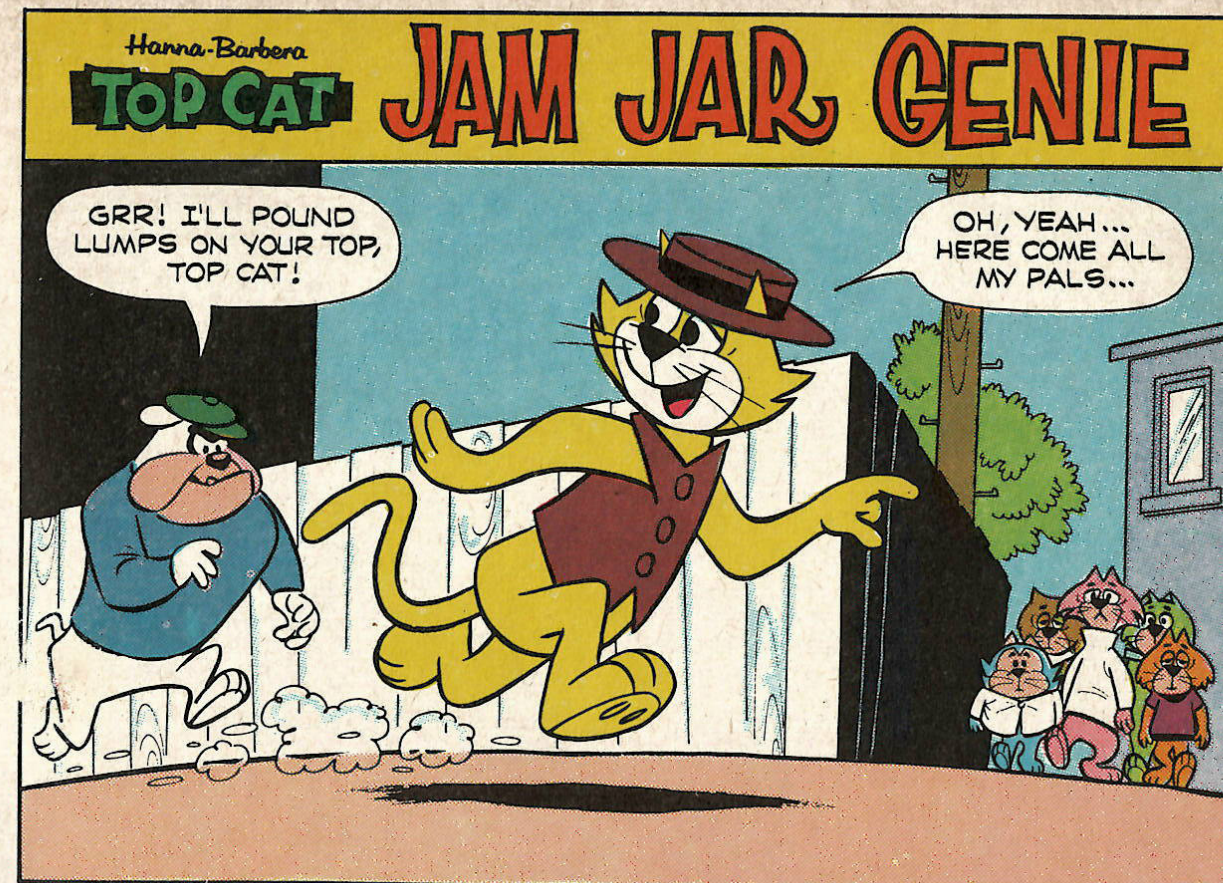
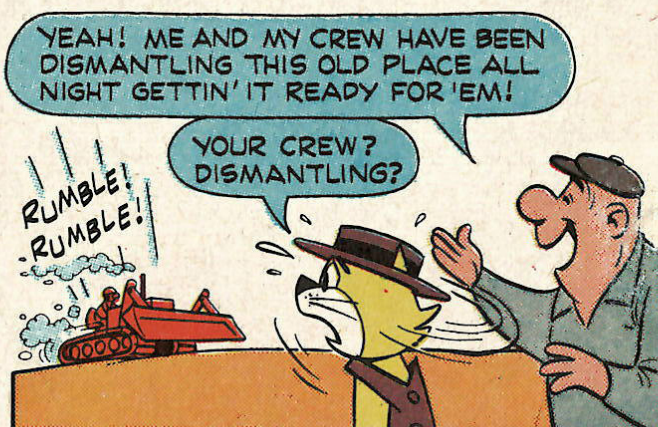
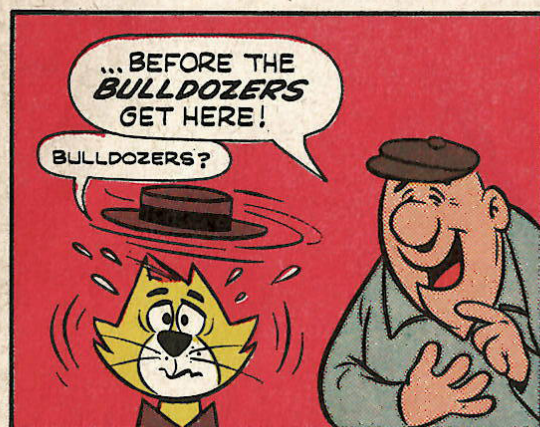


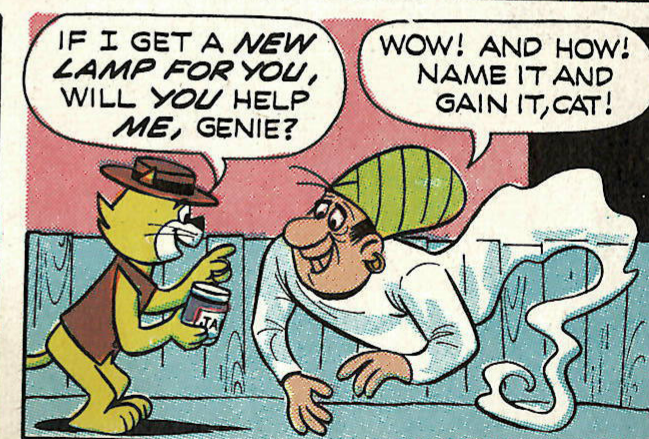
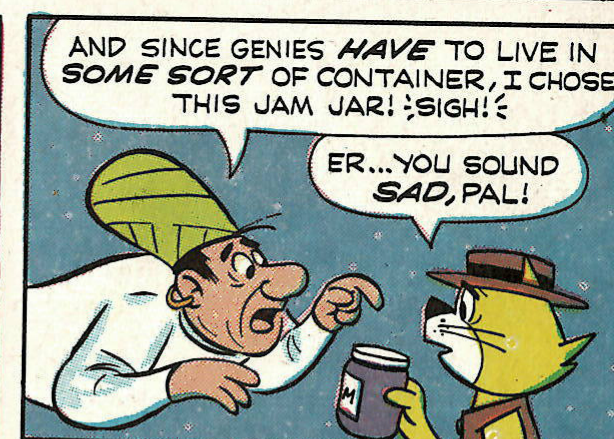
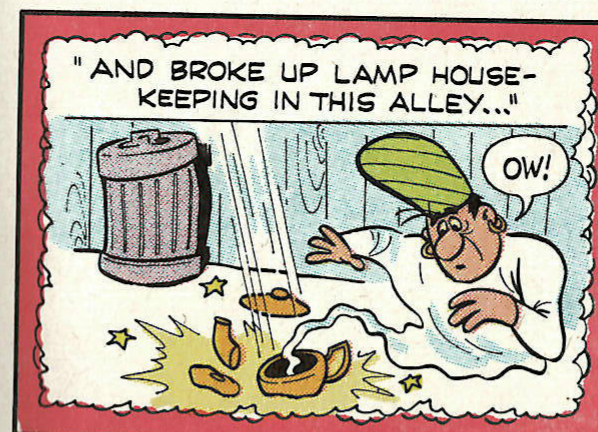
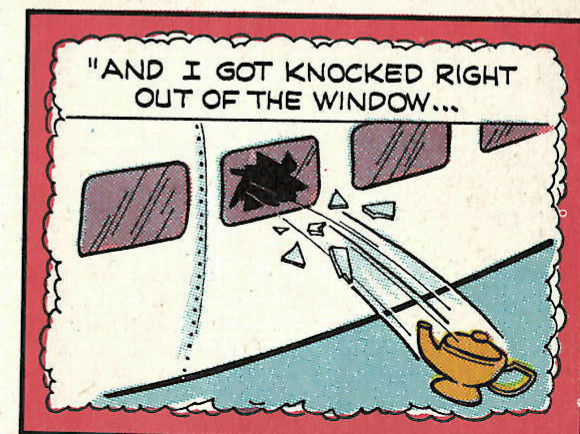
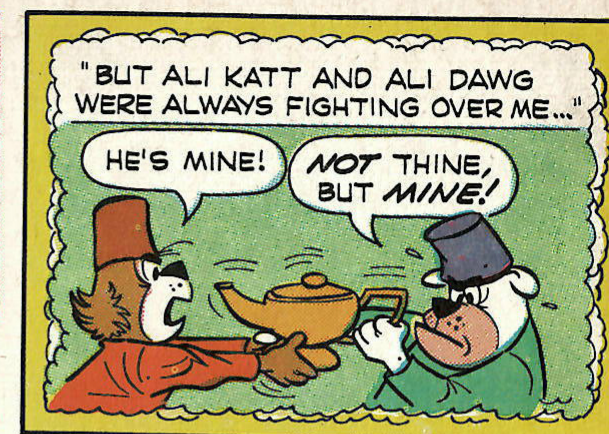
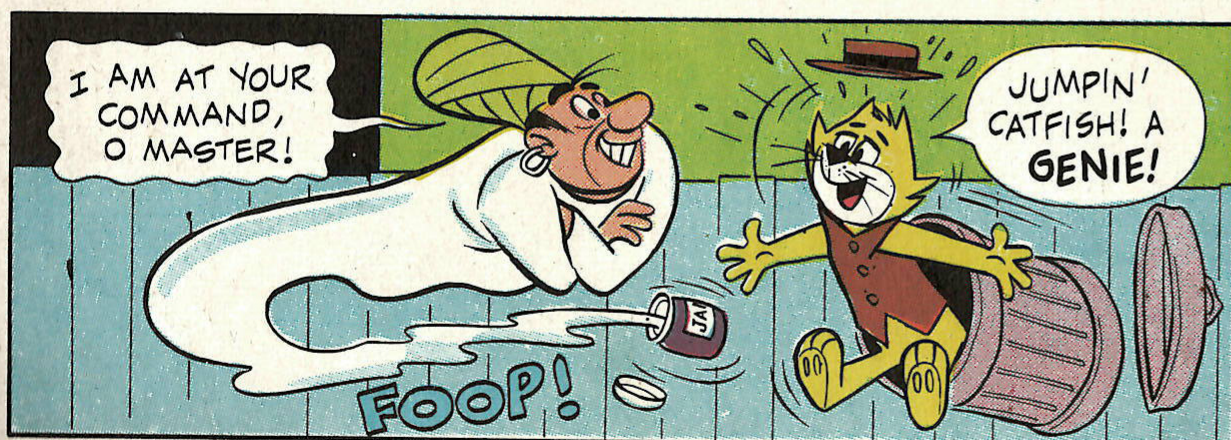
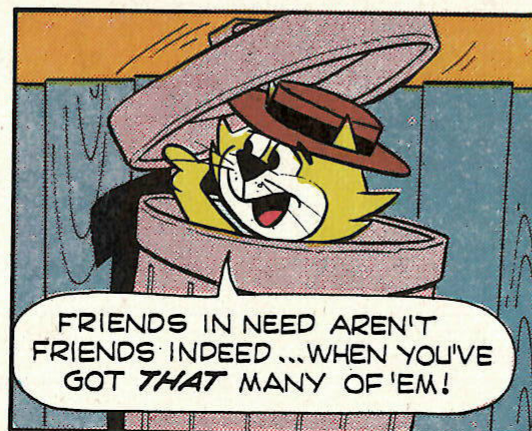
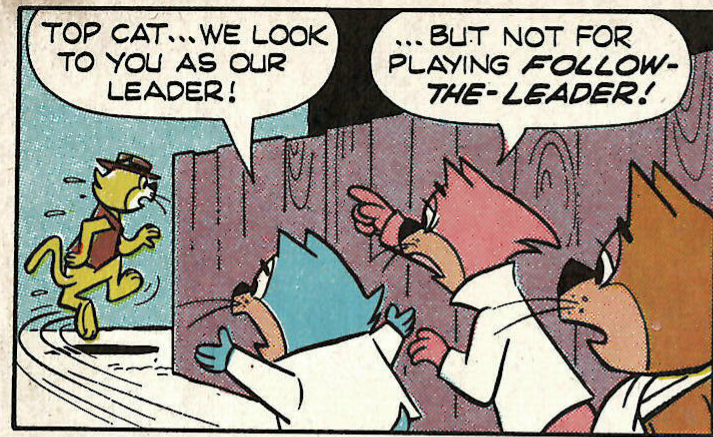


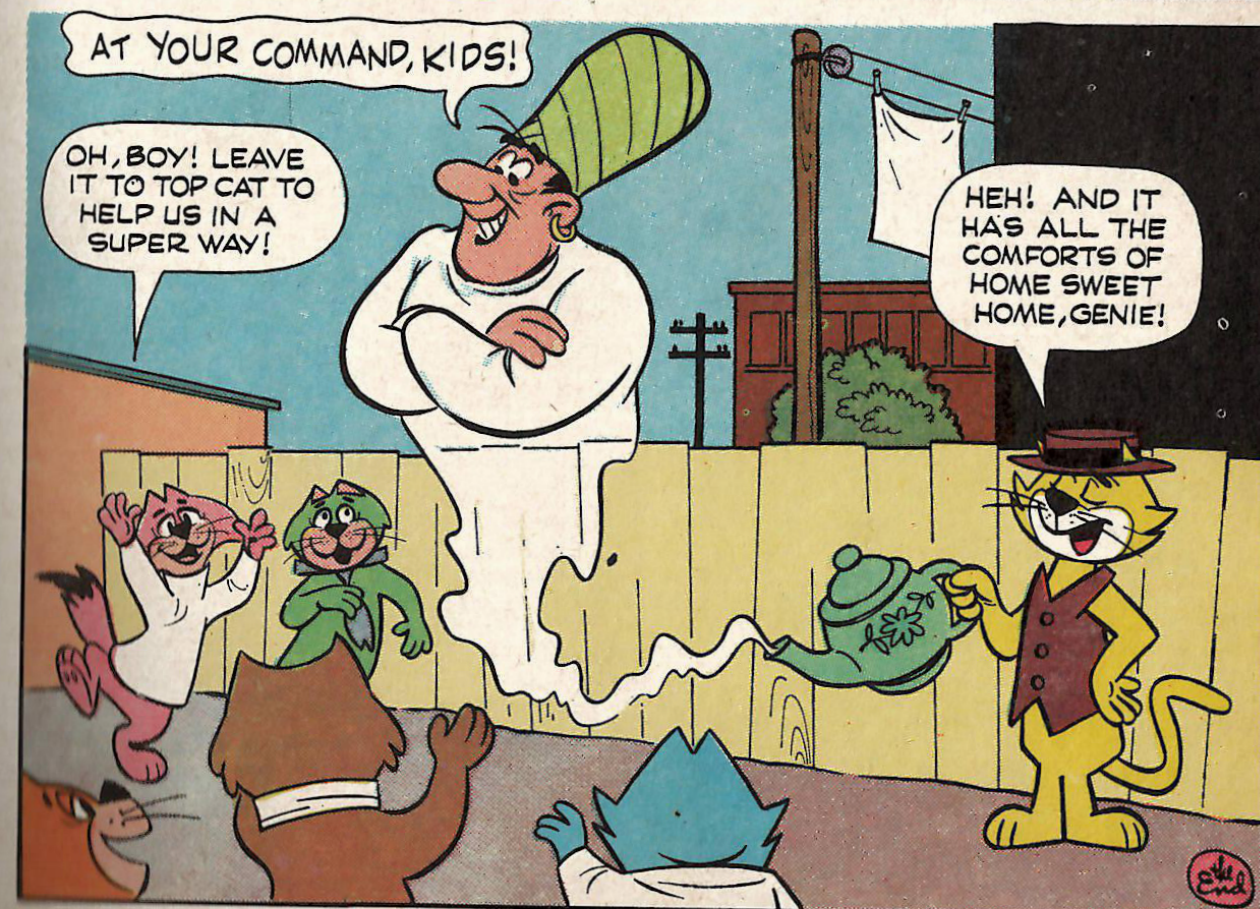
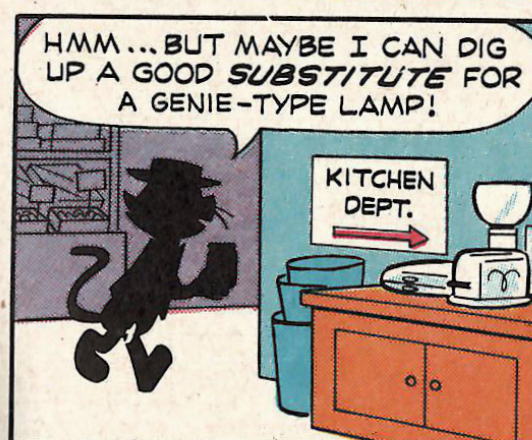
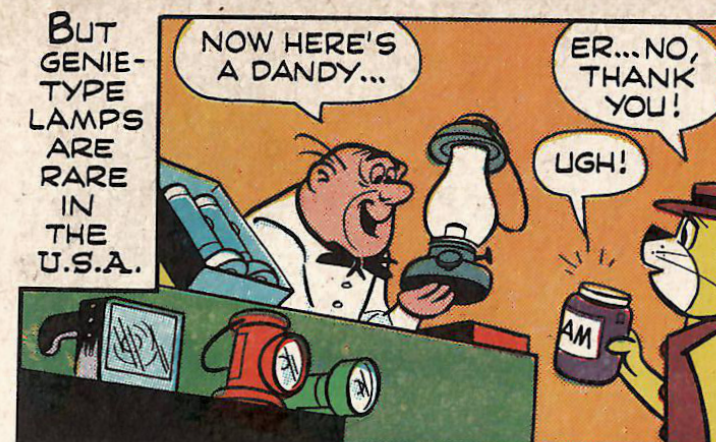
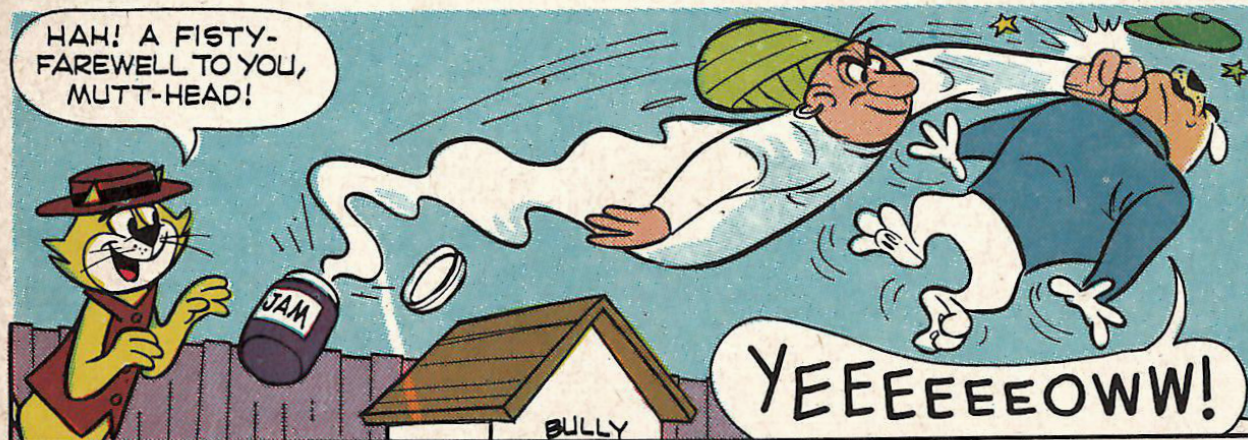
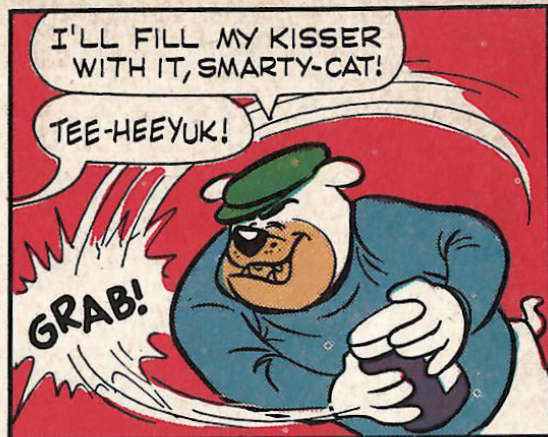
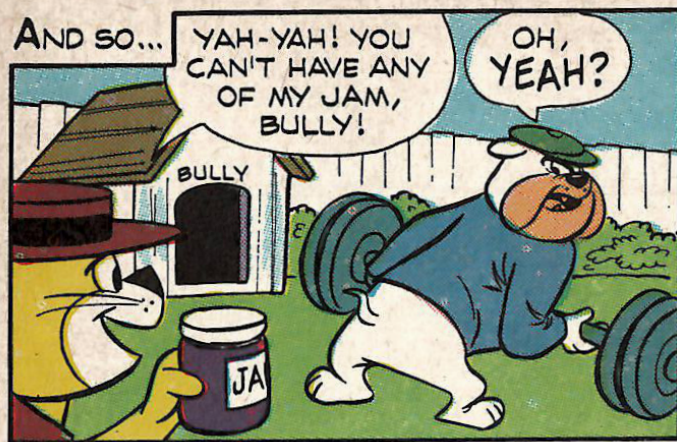










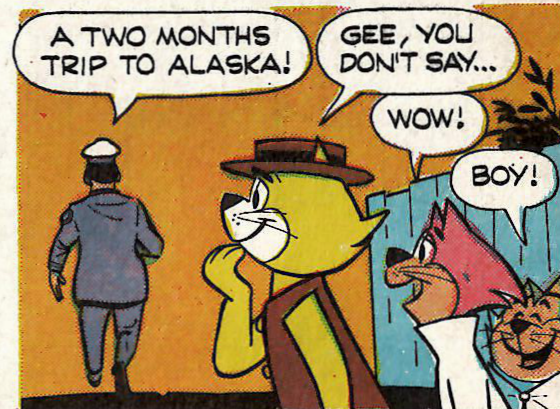


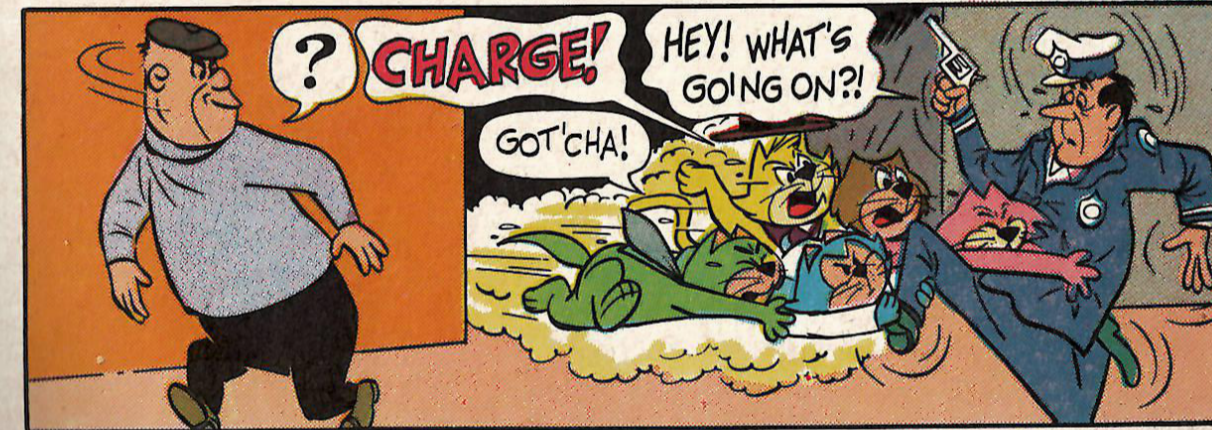
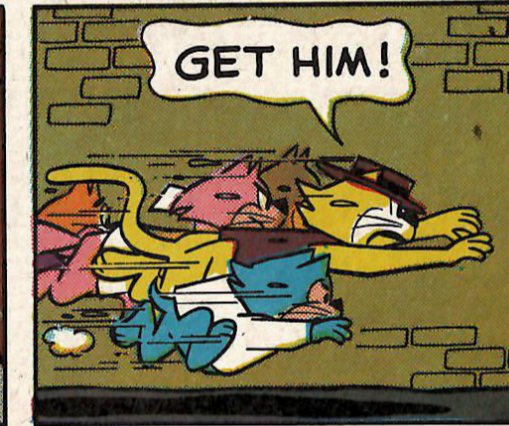
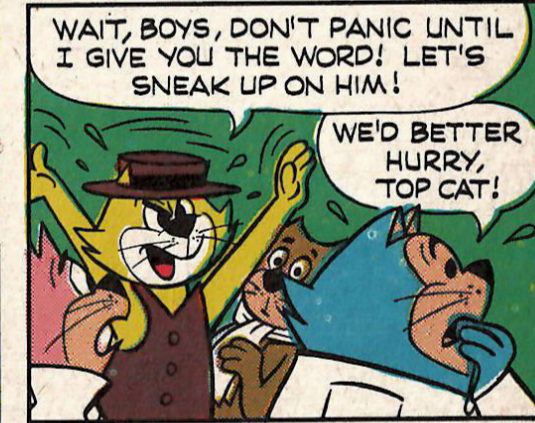
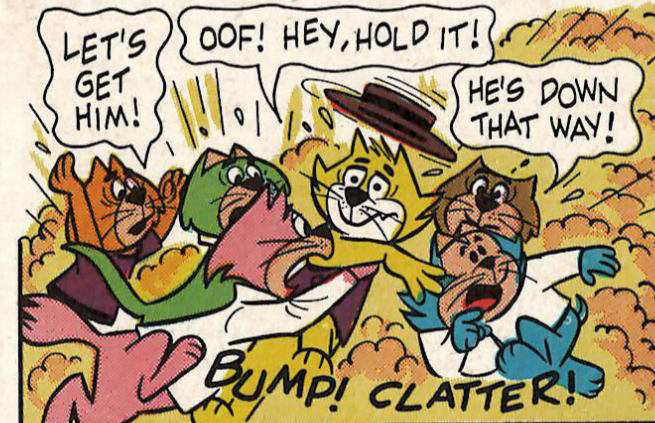
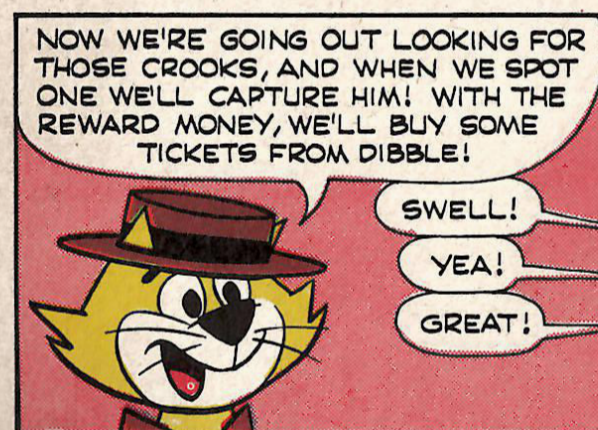
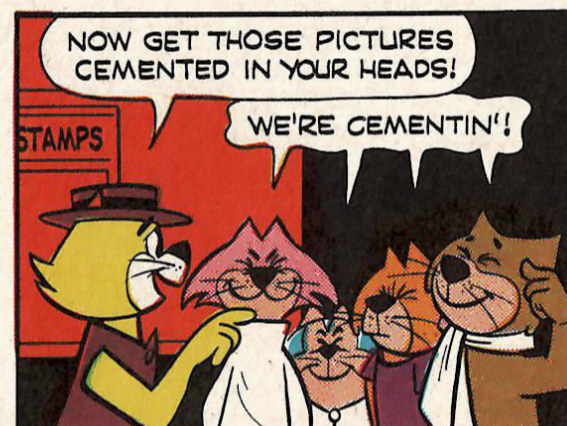
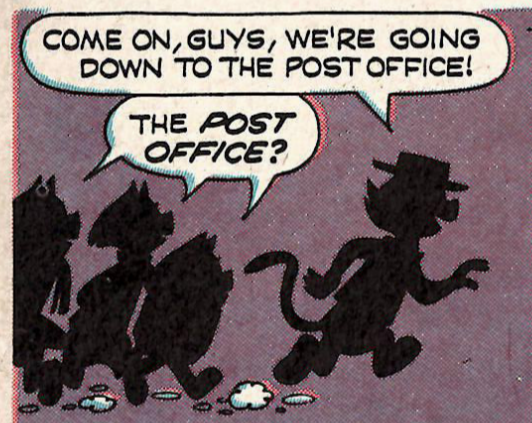
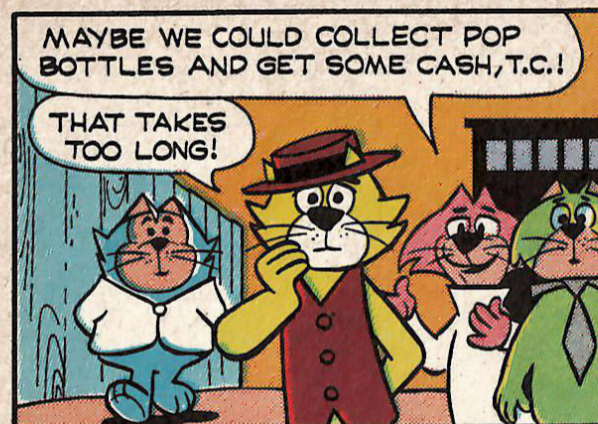
Hanna-Barbera
TOP CAT

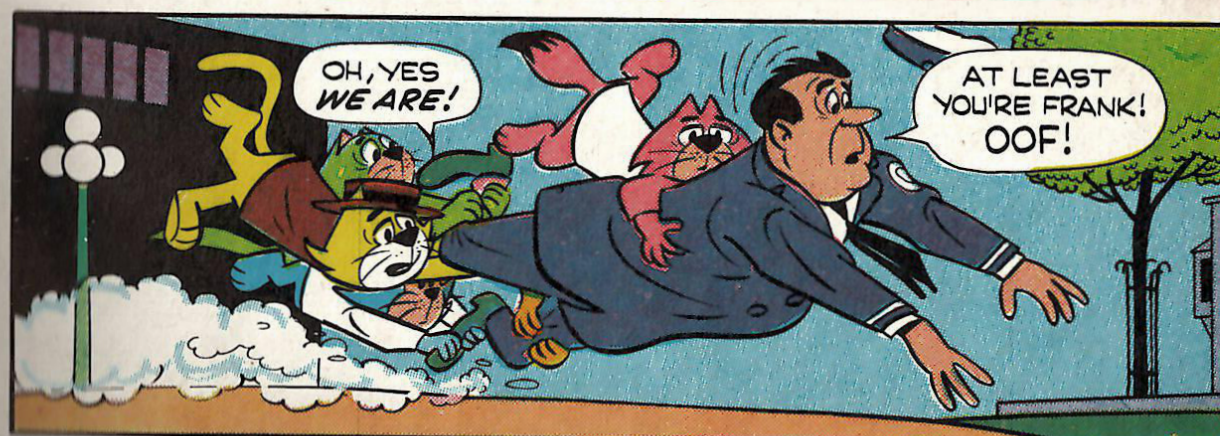
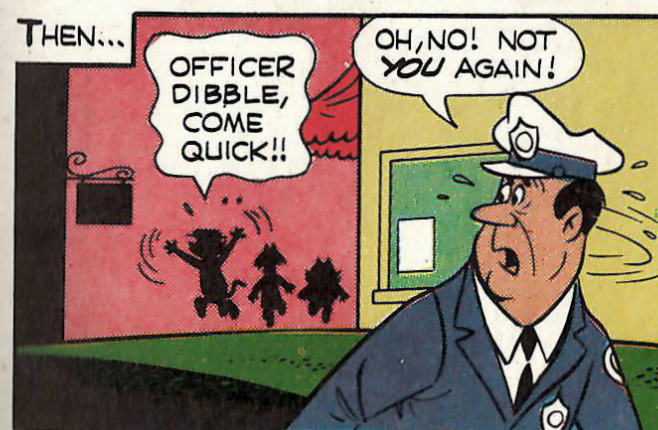
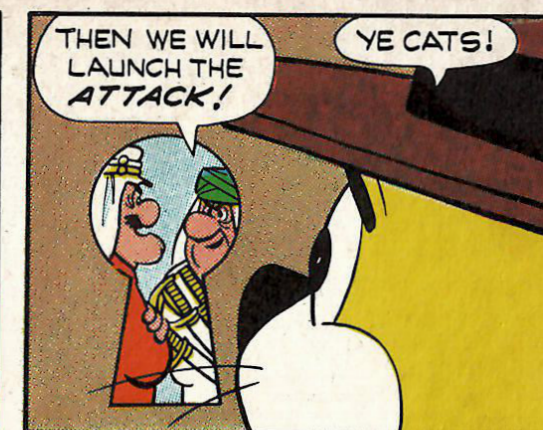
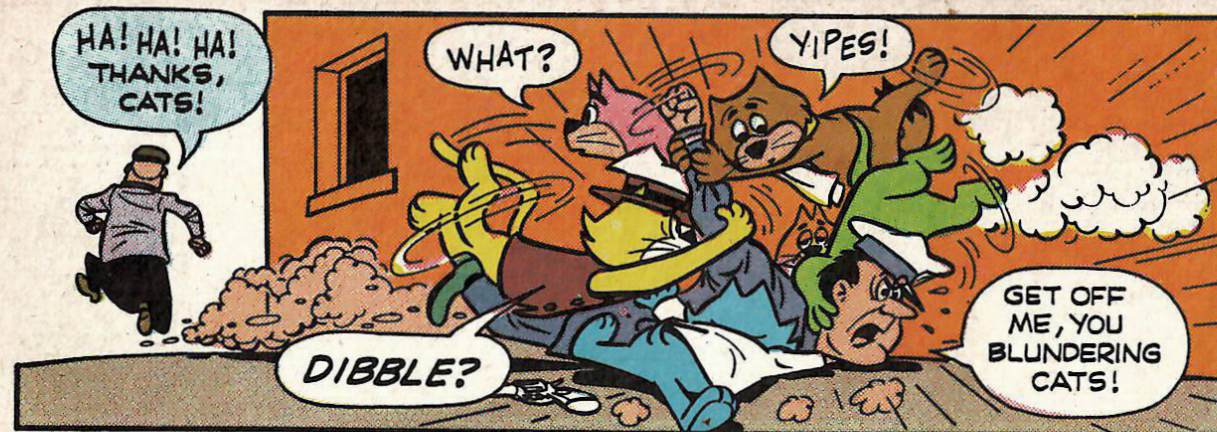


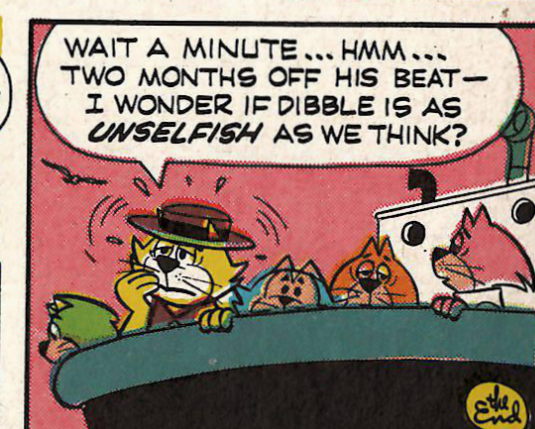
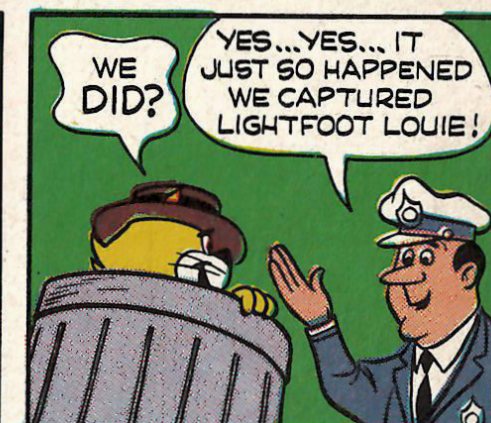
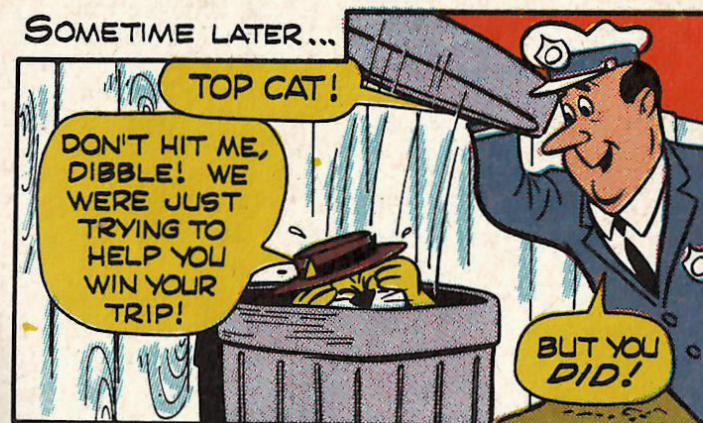
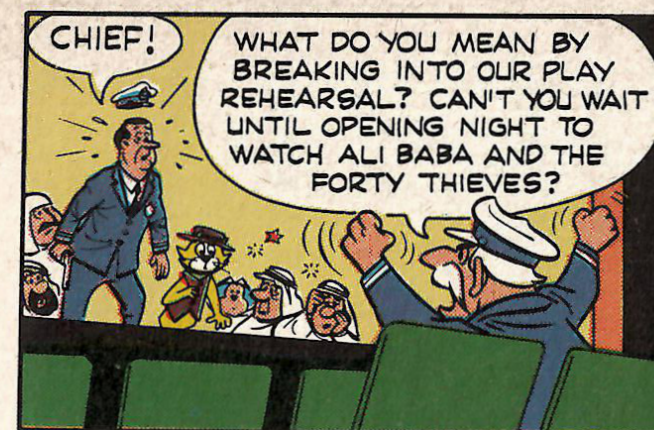
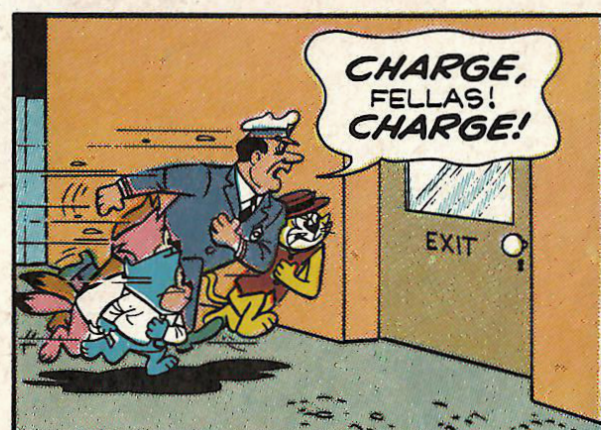
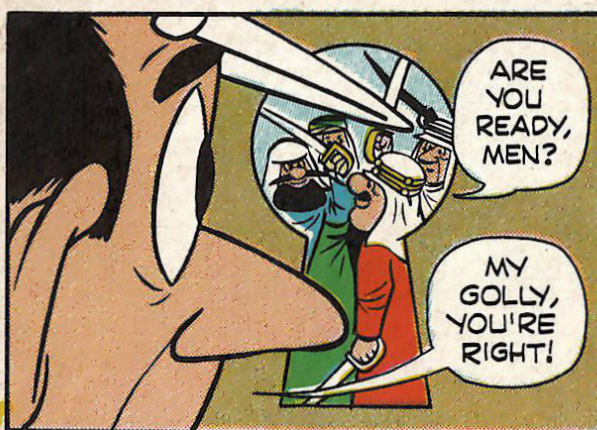
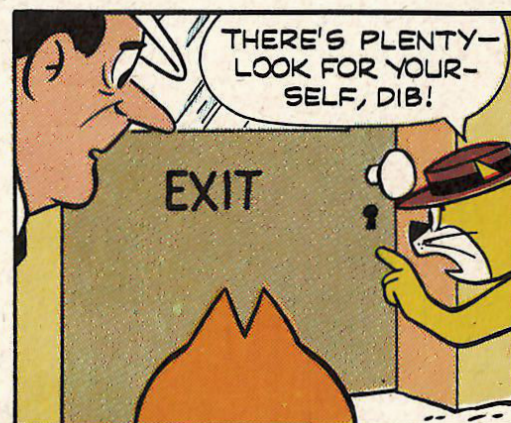
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TOP CAT

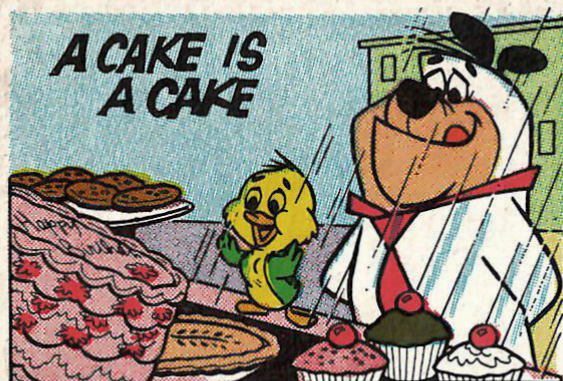
THE ALI BABA BOO BOO











As they walked down Main Street, Yakky Doodle and Chopper paused in front of a bakery shop. In the window were cakes of all kinds and sizes... birthday cakes, too, gaily decorated and yummy looking.

"That reminds me," smiled Chopper, "my birthday is tomorrow." Pressing his nose against the window, he sighed, "I never have had a birthday cake. I wonder what it would be like."

"I never had one, either," said Yakky.

"Oh, well," shrugged Chopper, "they're only for humans, I guess."

"I guess," agreed little Yakky, and the two friends walked on.

Later, however, Yakky could not forget the wistful look on Chopper's face, when he had talked about the birthday cake.

"I have saved a yummy piece of sausage for Chopper's birthday," Yakky thought, "but he wants a cake more than anything else. What can I do?"

Yakky counted his pennies — they came to ten — and went back to the bakery shop.

"Can I buy a cake for this much?" he asked the bakerman.

"You can buy a slice of a big cake or a cupcake," replied the baker. "Which do you think you would like?"

Yakky chose the cupcake and carried it very carefully out of the store, so that he would not squash it.

"It's really very small," he thought, "but still it is a cake."

Just then, Fibber Fox appeared and made a grab for Yakky.

"Eek!" shrieked Yakky, jumping out of the way.

Fibber made another grab. Yakky jumped again. He escaped from Fibber; but he lost

the cupcake, as it flew from his hand.

"Got it!" grinned Fibber Fox, catching the cake in mid-air. "If I can't have you, I'll have this goodie, anyway," and he smacked his lips over it.

"Oh, dear," wailed Yakky, as he ran for home, "now I won't have any birthday cake at all for Chopper. What will I ever do?"

All that evening, Yakky pondered his problem, with no solution. The next morning, when he awoke, the world was covered with a fresh fluffy layer of snow. And suddenly, Yakky knew what he would do.

Before long, Yakky set out for Chopper's house carrying a big, lovely looking, fluffy white cake. Inside it, he had hidden the piece of sausage.

"For me?" exclaimed Chopper, when he saw the cake. "Aw, Yakky, you shouldn't have done it."

Chopper ran his finger over the fluffy cake and tasted it.

"Uh — it's cold and it melts in my mouth like —" he began.

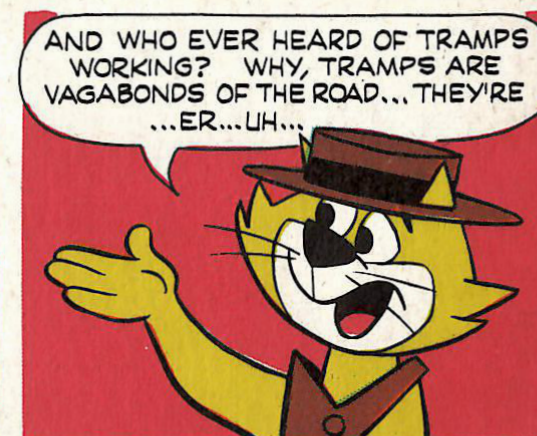
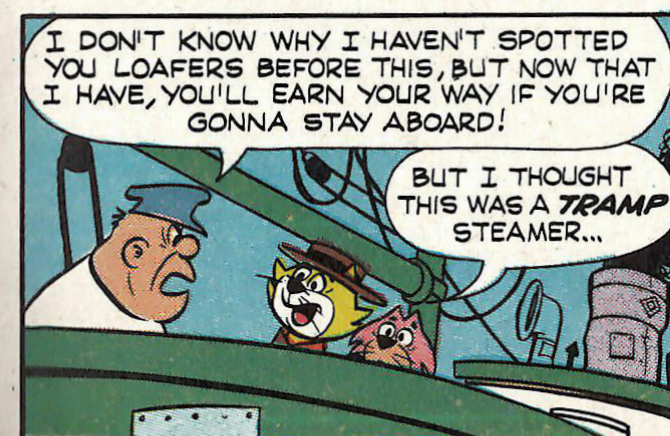
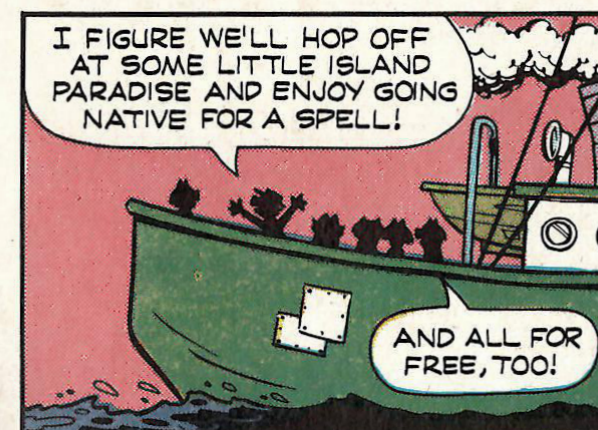
"Snow?" asked Yakky. "Well, that's just what it is," he sighed. Then he told Chopper about Fibber Fox and the cupcake.

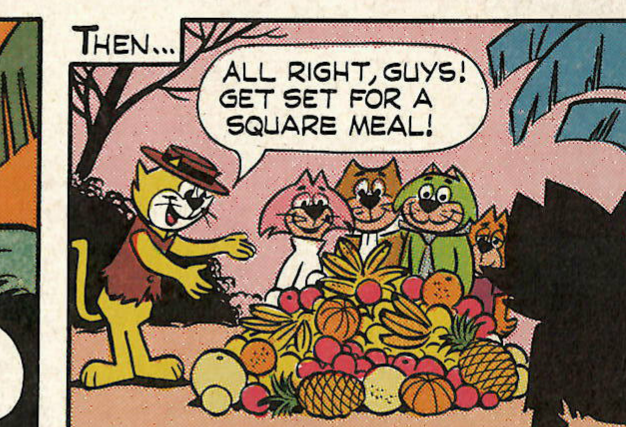
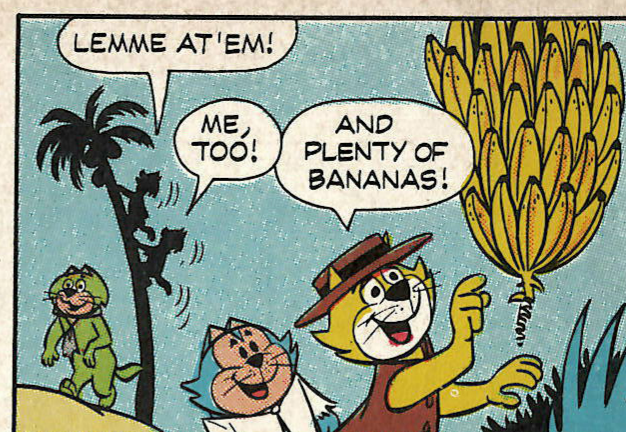
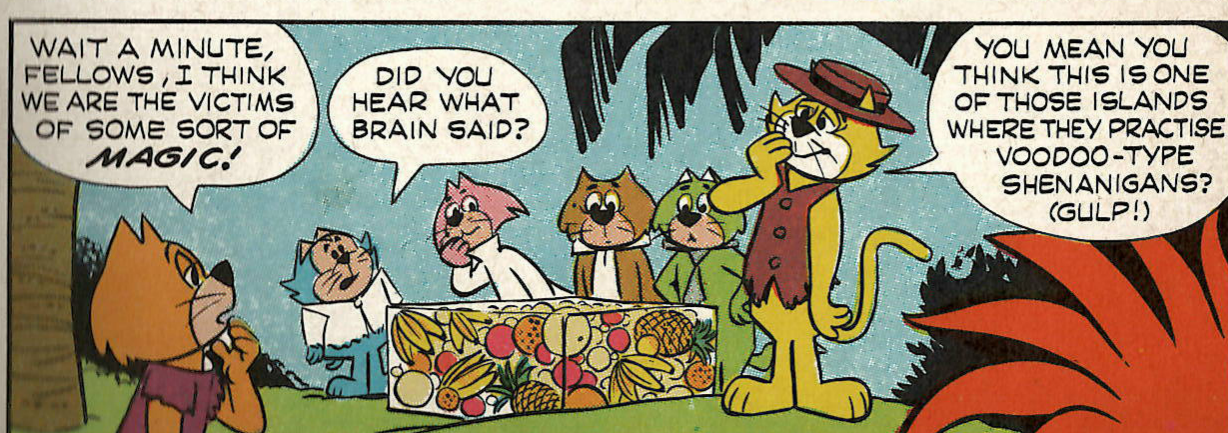
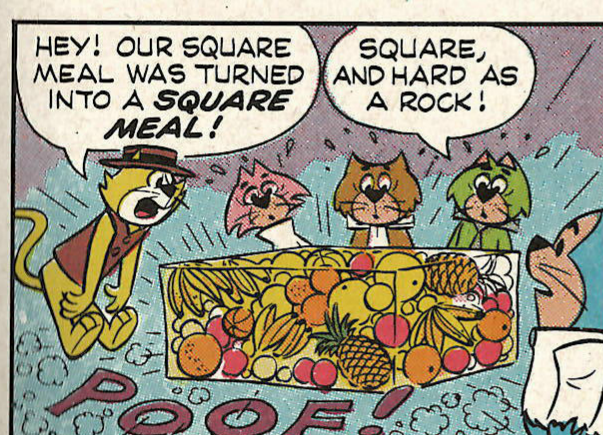
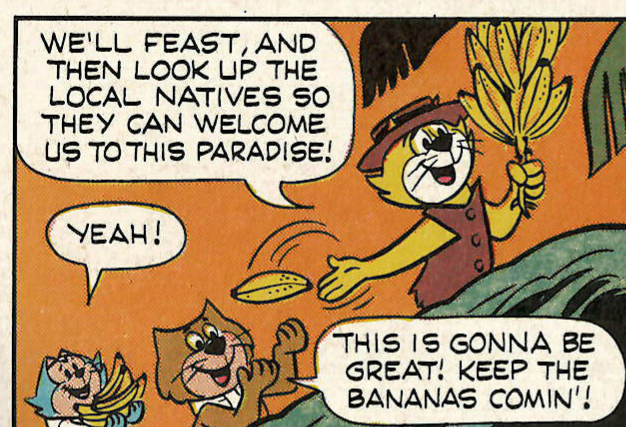
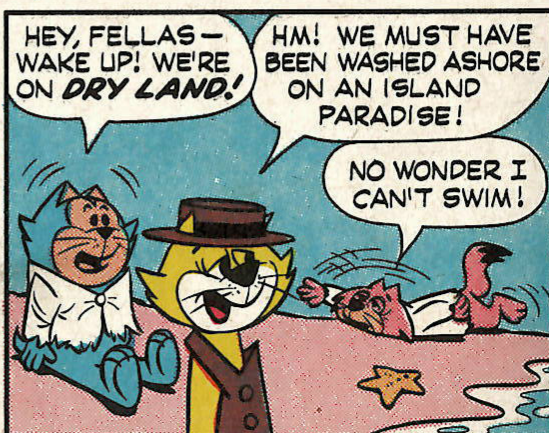
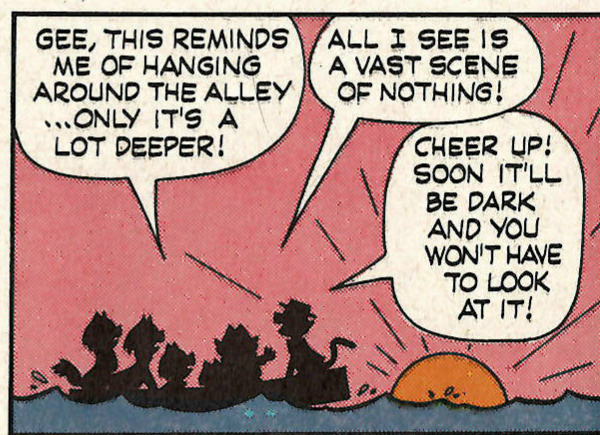
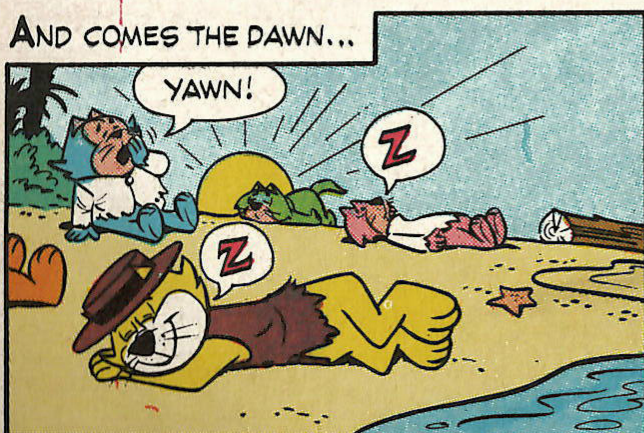
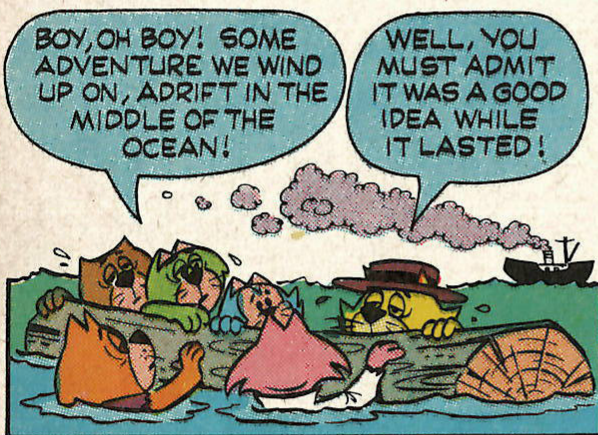
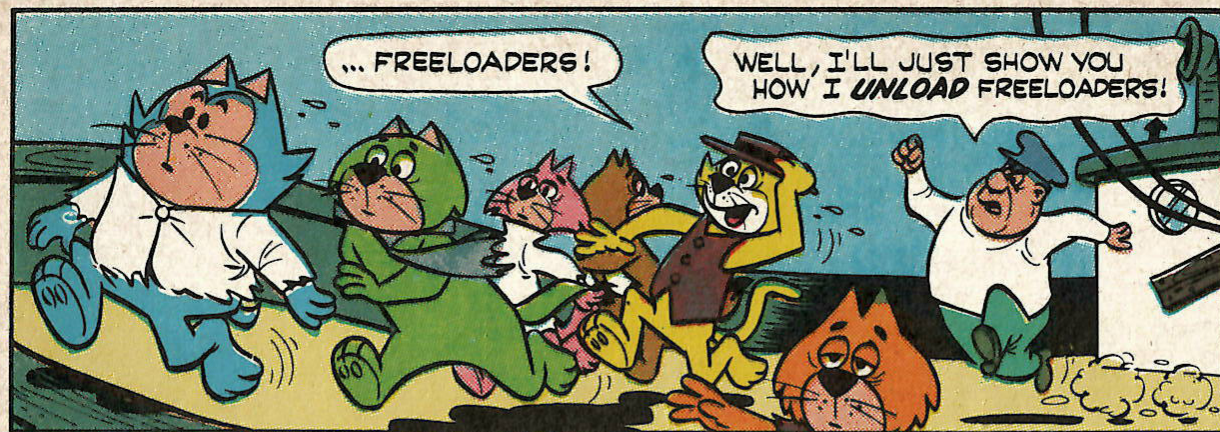
"Aw, that was too bad," clucked Chopper. "But don't you fret, li'l pal. This cake is wonderful!" and he stuck his finger in the fluff again to show Yakky he meant it.

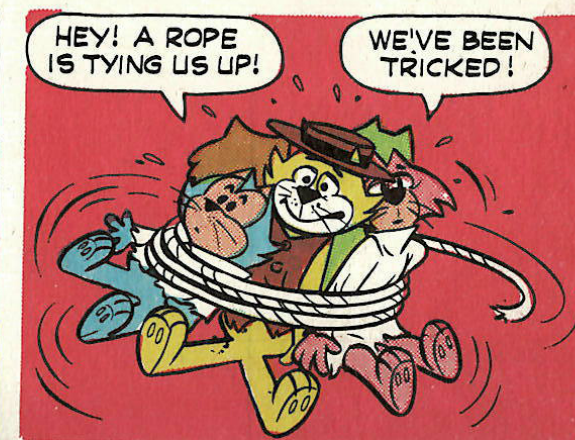
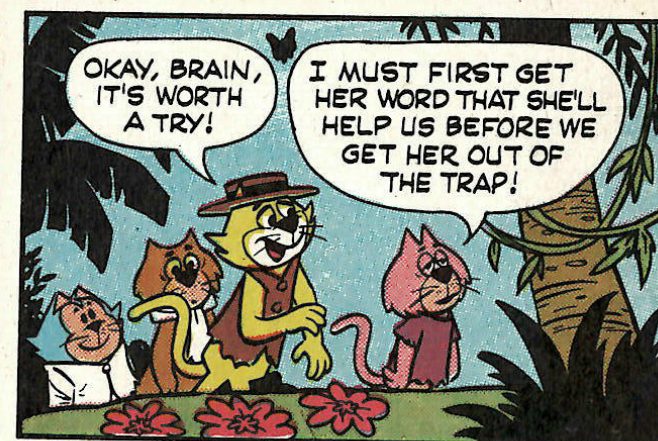
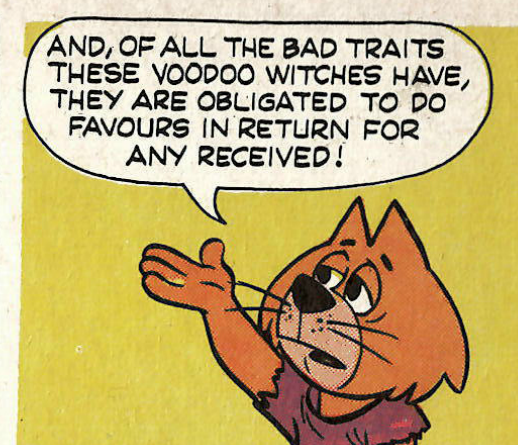
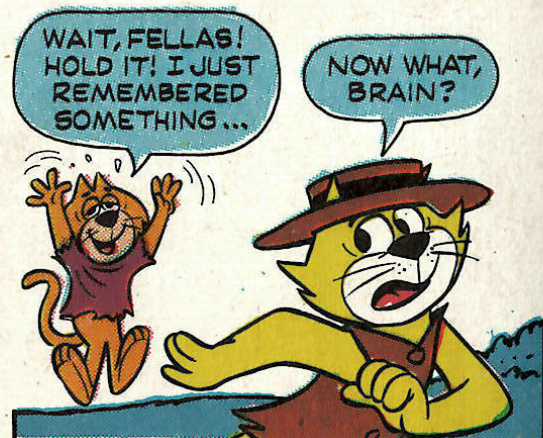
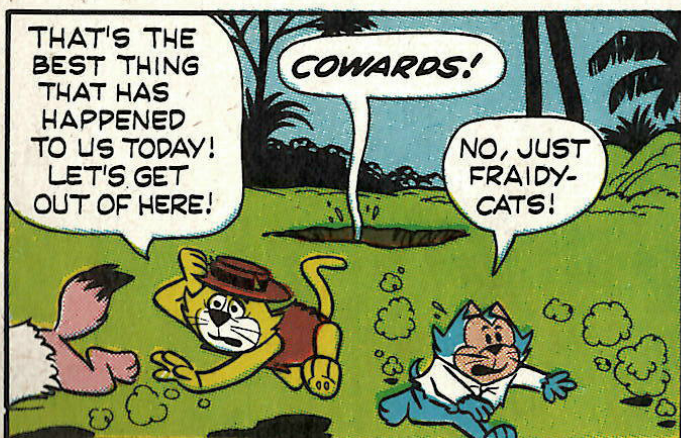
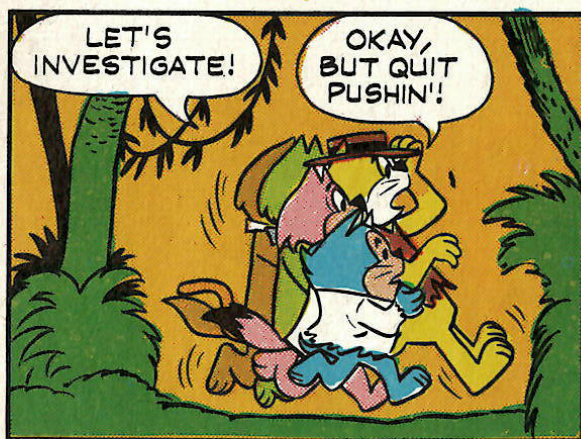
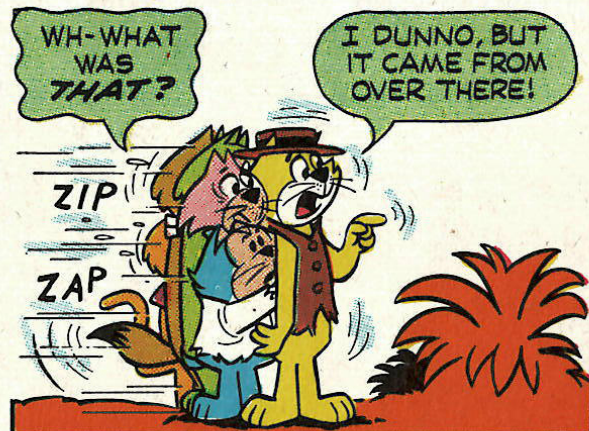
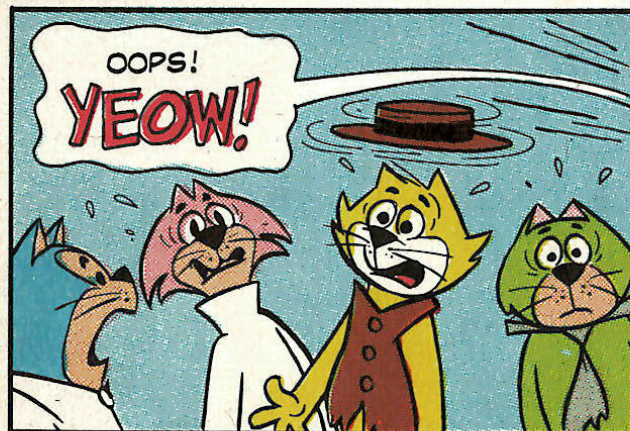
Before long, Chopper had eaten enough of the snow to reveal the piece of sausage. At that, Chopper grinned in surprise, "Now ain't that cute! No one ever had a better birthday cake!"

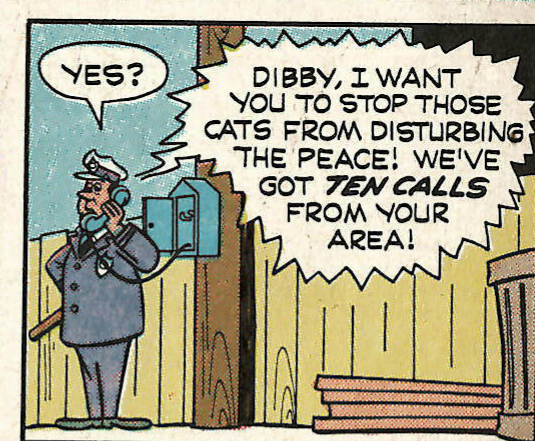
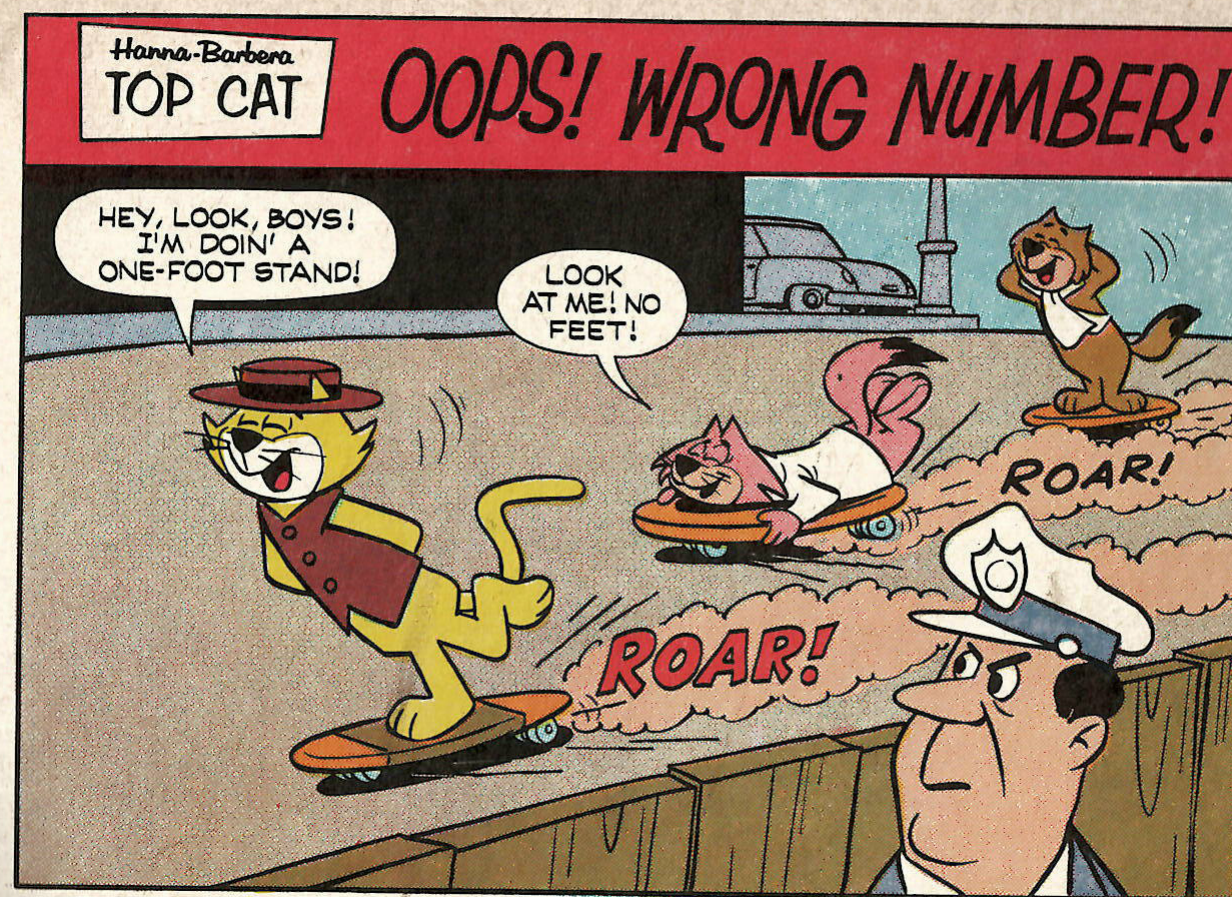
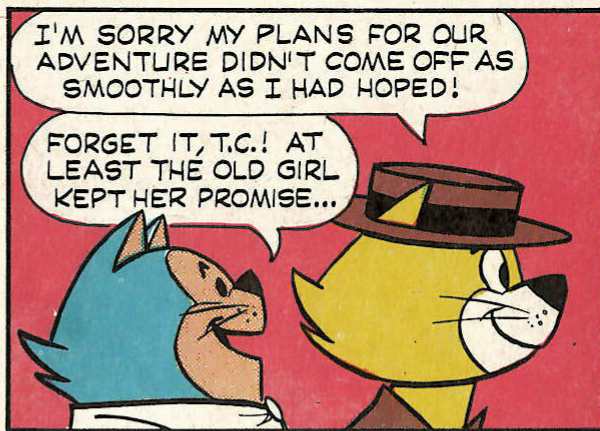
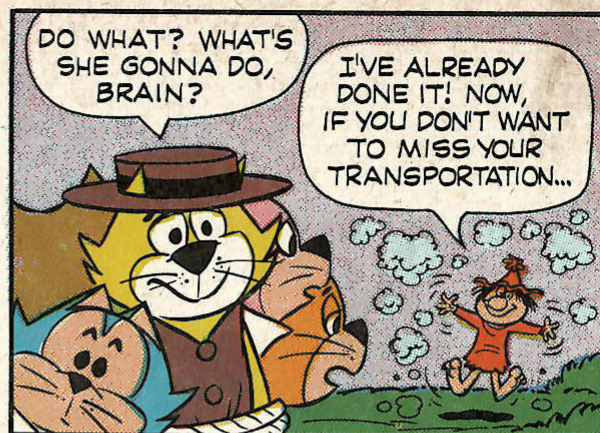
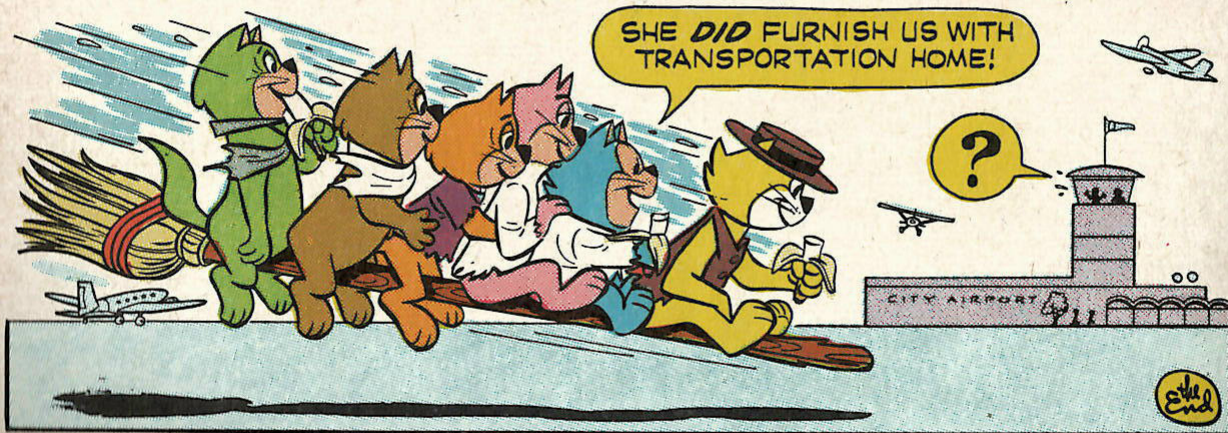
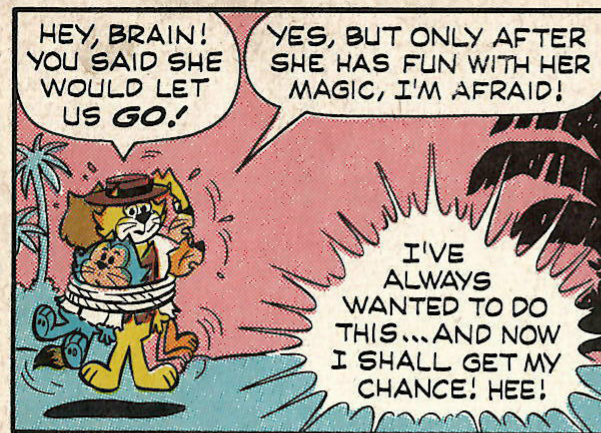
"Did you really like it, Chopper?" Yakky asked eagerly. "Did you, huh?"

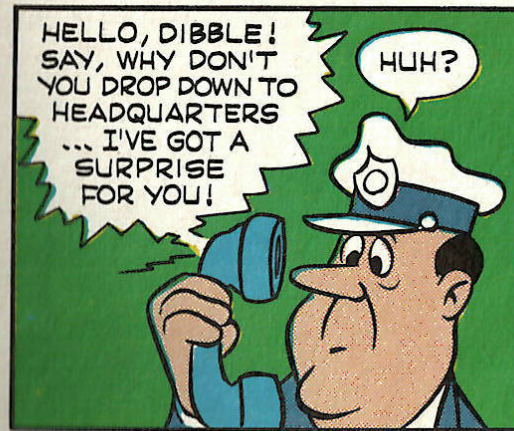
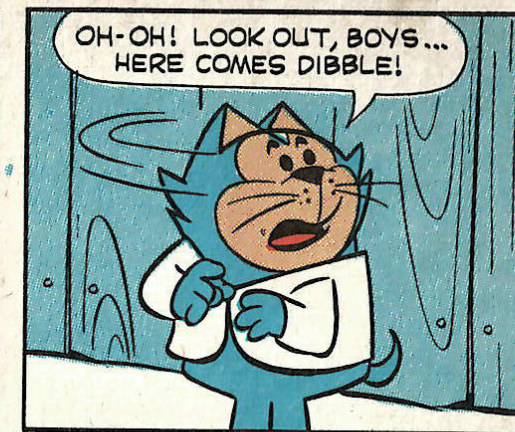
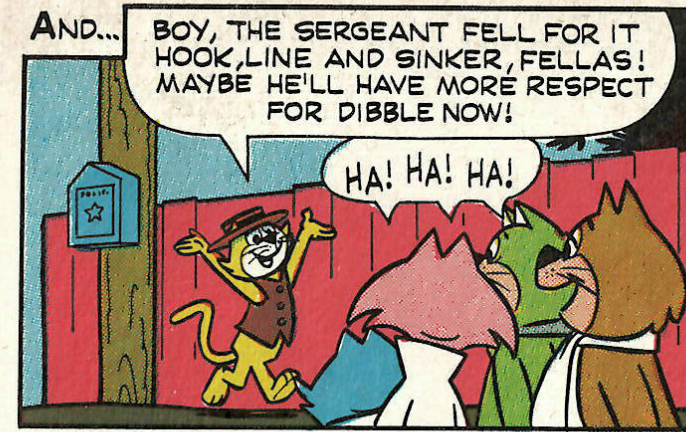
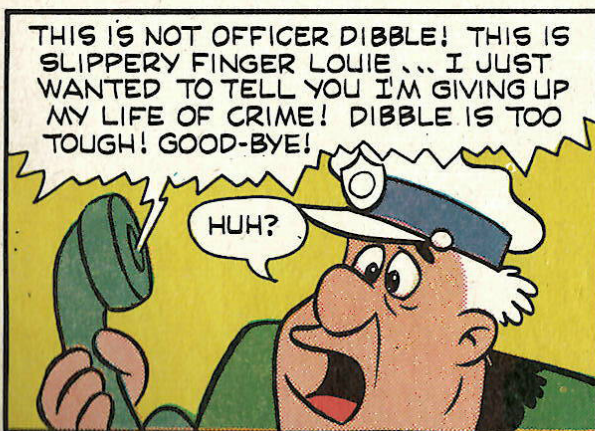
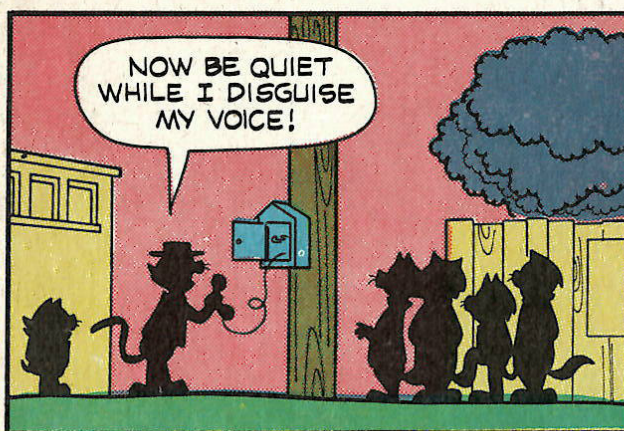
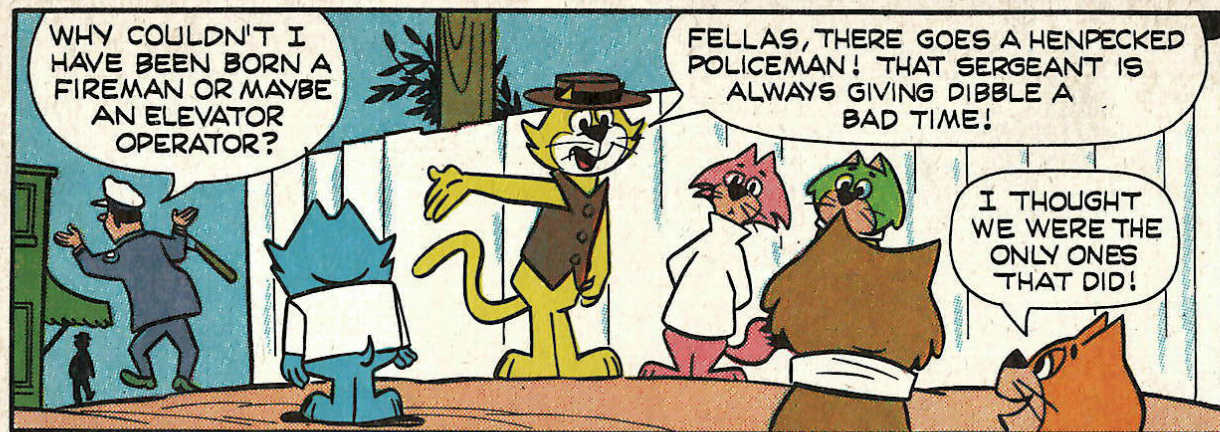
"Like it?" exclaimed Chopper. "You bet! Why, you might say it was so good, it really melted in my mouth," he chuckled.

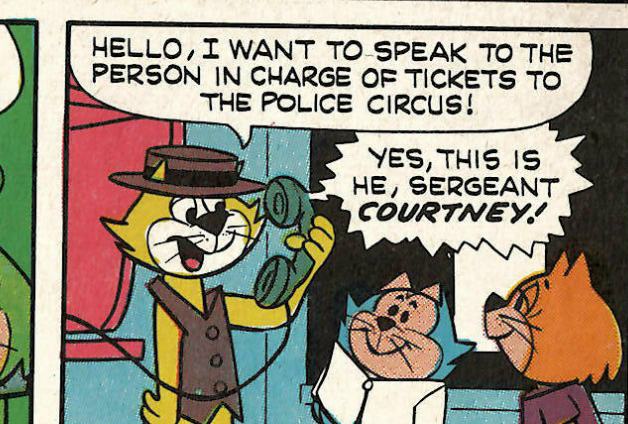
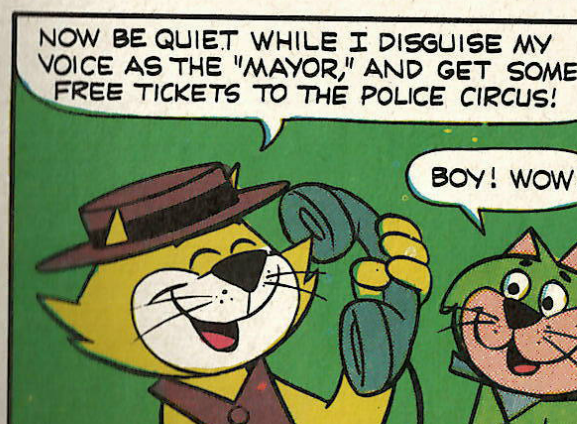
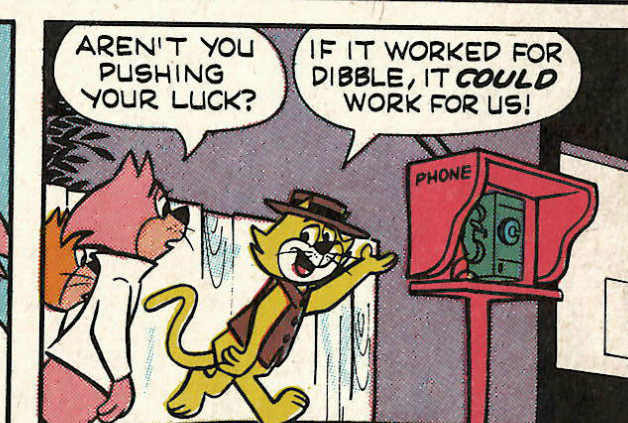
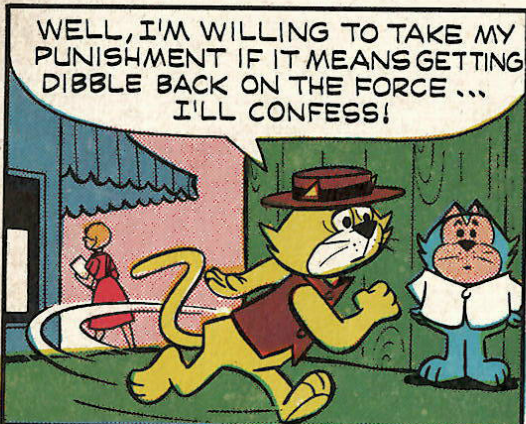
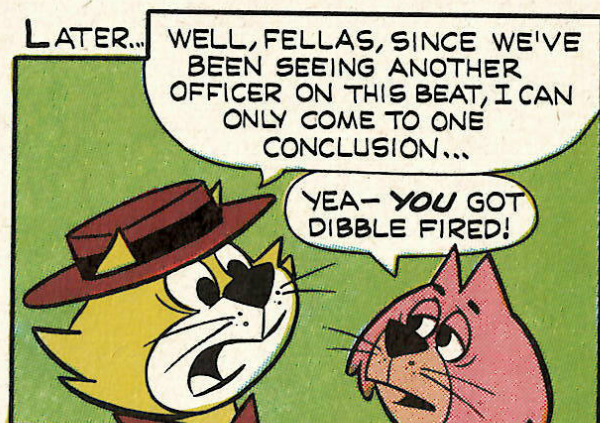
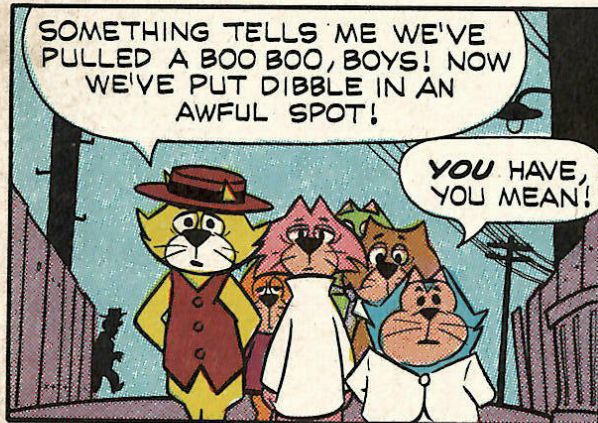


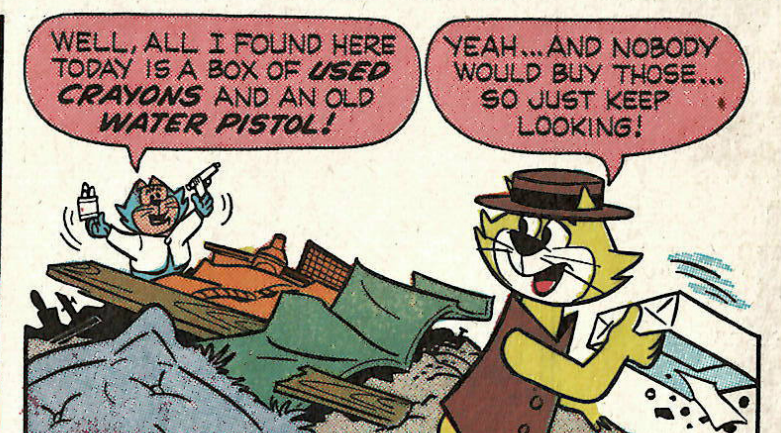
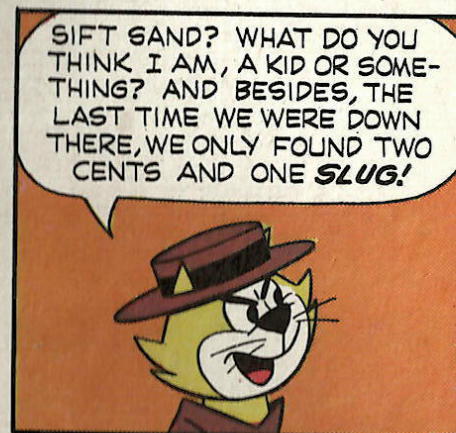
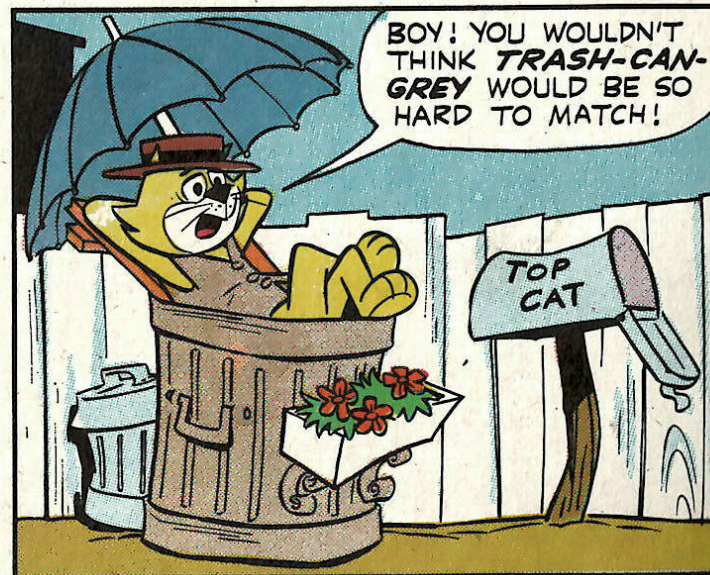
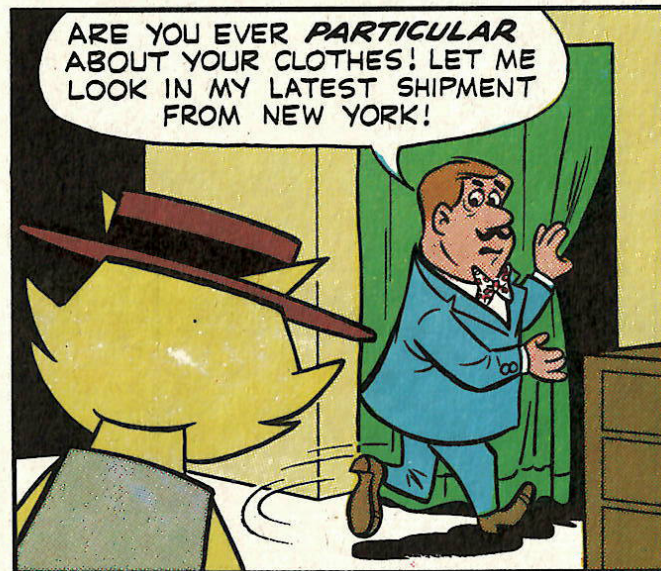
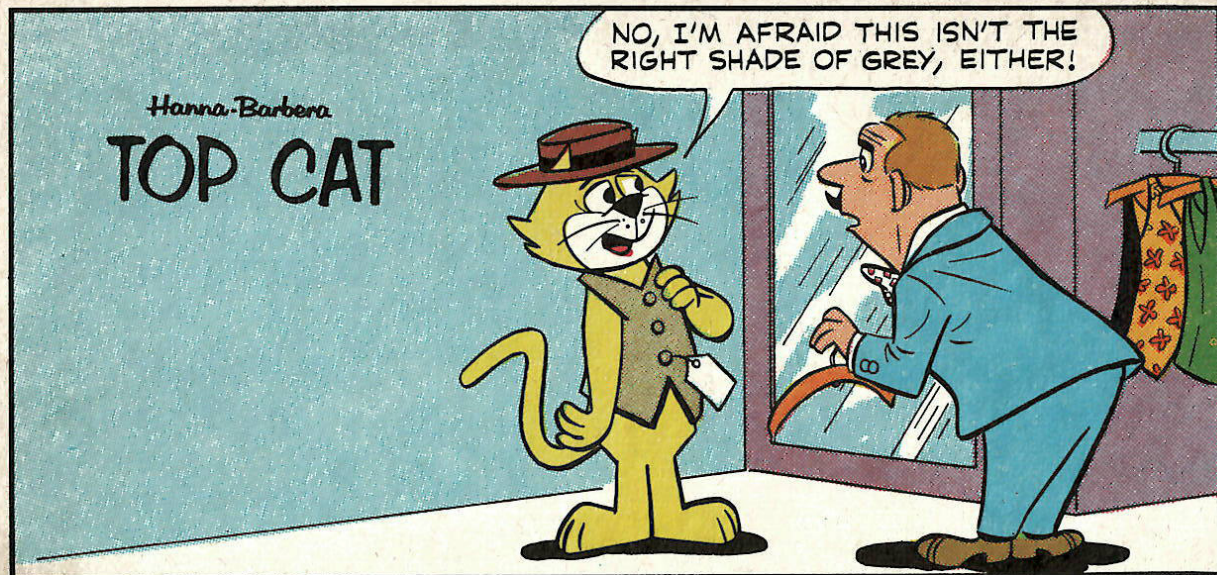














HELP! T.C.! THE RUG'S FLYING AWAY!

ZOOM!

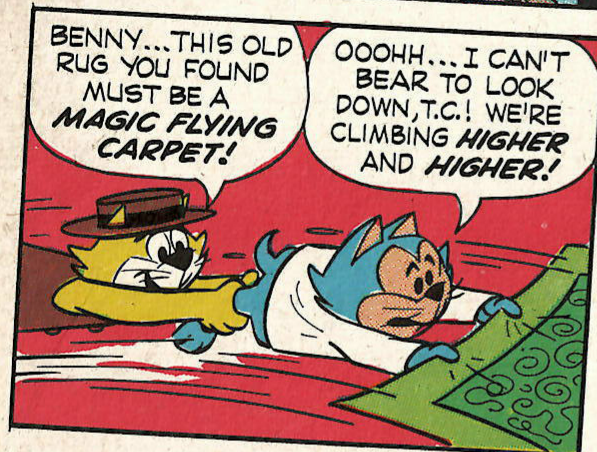
I GOT'CHA, BENNY!



WELL, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH ME?

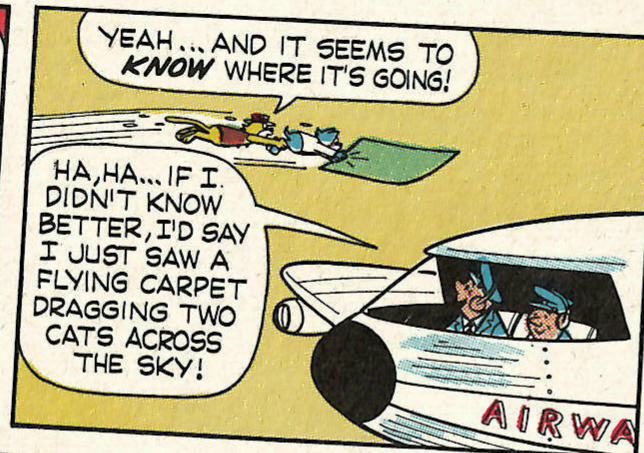
(GULP!) I'M GOING TO ASK YOU FOR A BIG FAVOUR... DON'T LET GO OF THAT CARPET!

ZOOM!



BENNY... THIS OLD RUG YOU FOUND MUST BE A MAGIC FLYING CARPET!

OOOHH... I CAN'T BEAR TO LOOK DOWN, T.C.! WE'RE CLIMBING HIGHER AND HIGHER!

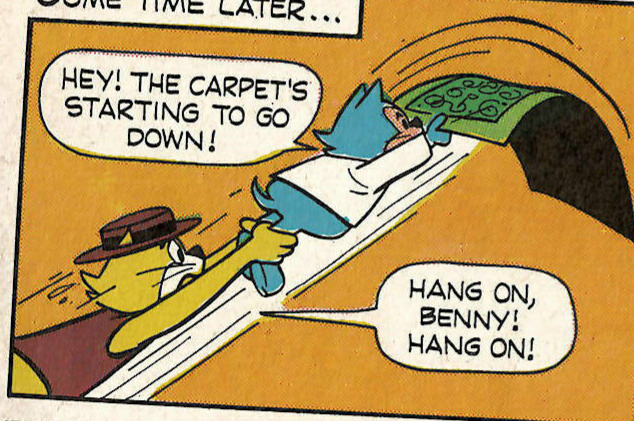


YEAH... AND IT SEEMS TO KNOW WHERE IT'S GOING!

HA, HA... IF I DIDN'T KNOW BETTER, I'D SAY I JUST SAW A FLYING CARPET DRAGGING TWO CATS ACROSS THE SKY!

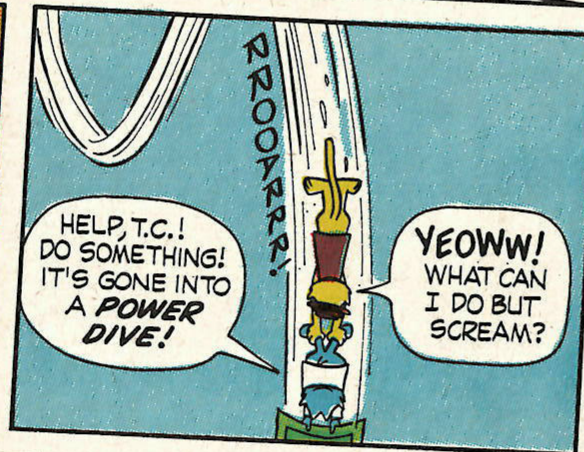
AIRWA

SOME TIME LATER...



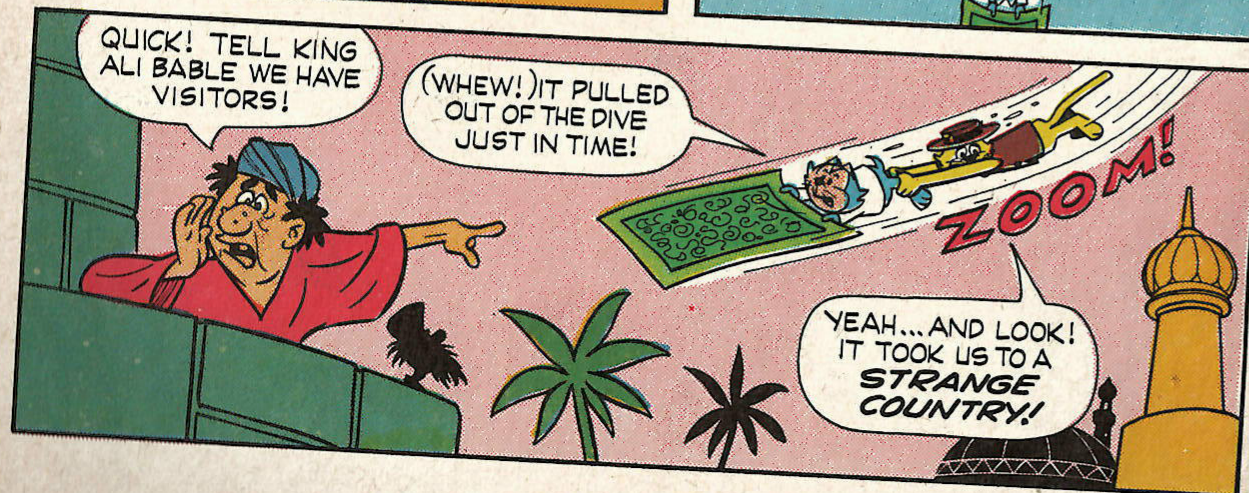
HEY! THE CARPET'S STARTING TO GO DOWN!

HANG ON, BENNY! HANG ON!



HELP, T.C.! DO SOMETHING! IT'S GONE INTO A POWER DIVE!

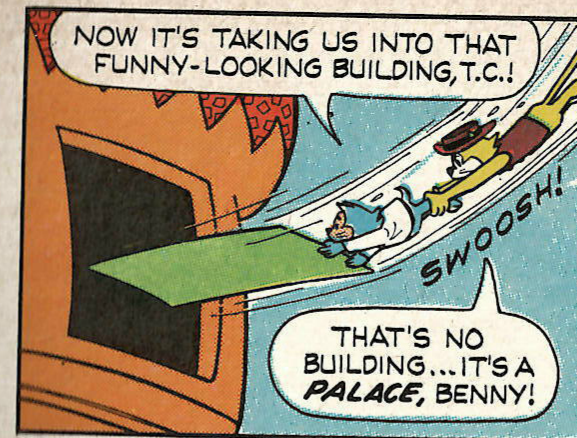
YEOWW! WHAT CAN I DO BUT SCREAM?



QUICK! TELL KING ALI BABLE WE HAVE VISITORS!

(WHEW!) IT PULLED OUT OF THE DIVE JUST IN TIME!

YEAH... AND LOOK! IT TOOK US TO A STRANGE COUNTRY!



NOW IT'S TAKING US INTO THAT FUNNY-LOOKING BUILDING, T.C.!

SWOOSH!

THAT'S NO BUILDING... IT'S A PALACE, BENNY!



OOOO! A PERFECT THREE-CRASH LANDING!

OUCH! OOFF!

CRASH! CRASH! CRASH!



OOOHH! WHERE ARE WE?

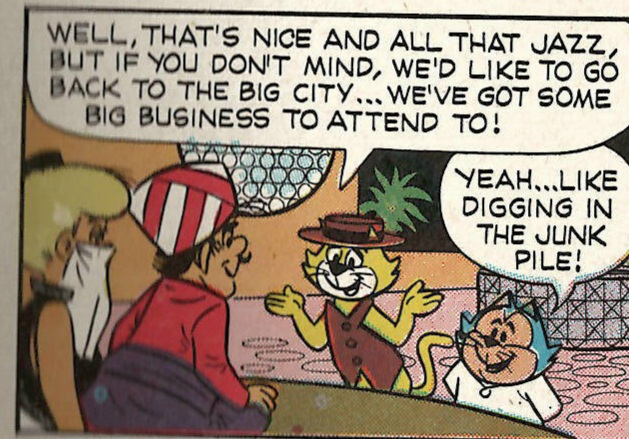
YOU ARE IN THE LOST KINGDOM OF ABA DABA... AND I SEE YOU'VE BROUGHT BACK MY FAVOURITE FLYING CARPET, SKYBISCUIT!



AND NOW THAT YOU ARE HERE... YOU SHALL BE THE GUESTS OF ME AND MY DAUGHTER!

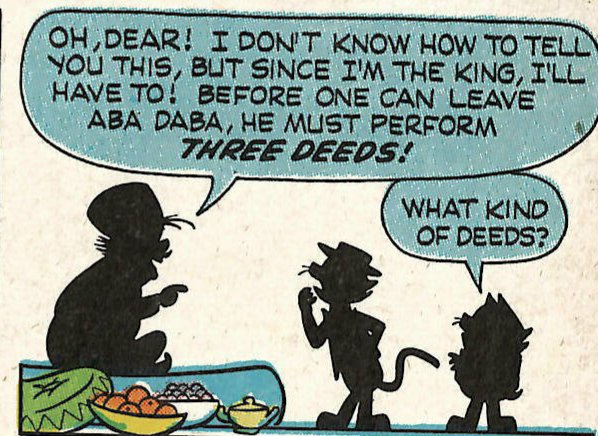
TEE, HEE!

GUESTS?



WELL, THAT'S NICE AND ALL THAT JAZZ, BUT IF YOU DON'T MIND, WE'D LIKE TO GO BACK TO THE BIG CITY... WE'VE GOT SOME BIG BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO!

YEAH... LIKE DIGGING IN THE JUNK PILE!



OH, DEAR! I DON'T KNOW HOW TO TELL YOU THIS, BUT SINCE I'M THE KING, I'LL HAVE TO! BEFORE ONE CAN LEAVE ABA DABA, HE MUST PERFORM THREE DEEDS!

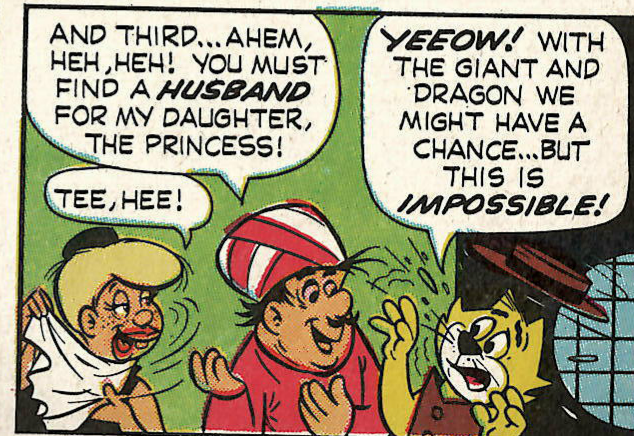
WHAT KIND OF DEEDS?



WELL... AHM... FIRST, YOU HAVE TO RID OUR COUNTRYSIDE OF BIG BEN ALI, THE GIANT! SECOND, YOU HAVE TO PUT OUT THE FLAME OF OLD SMOKEY, THE FIRE-BREATHING DRAGON!

G-GIANT?

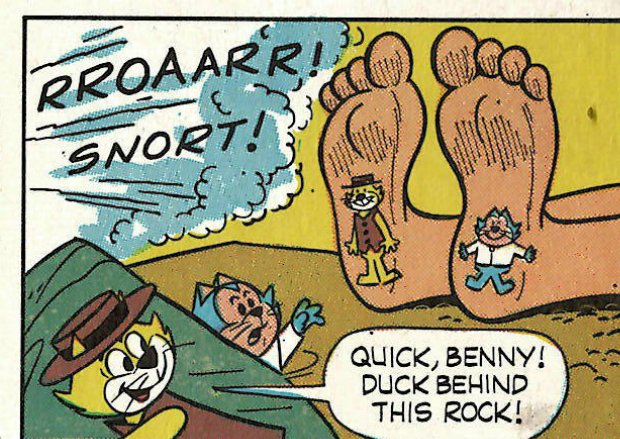
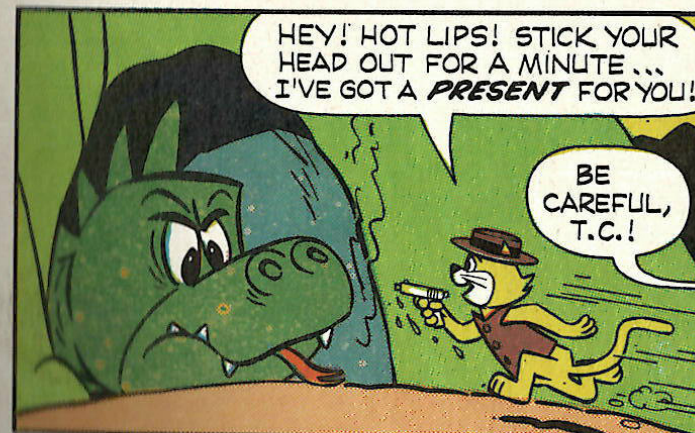
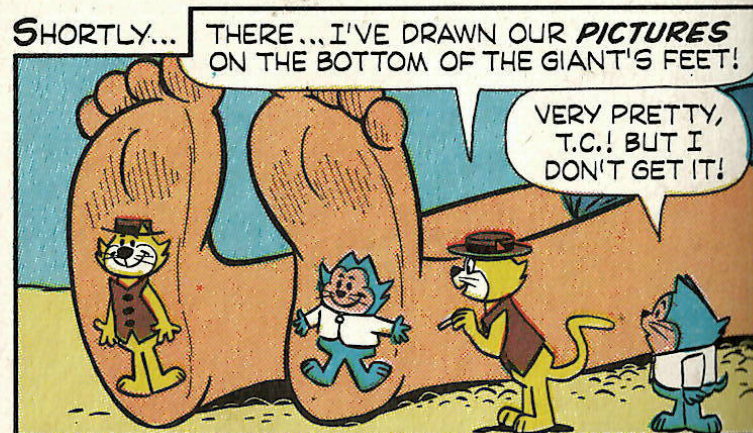
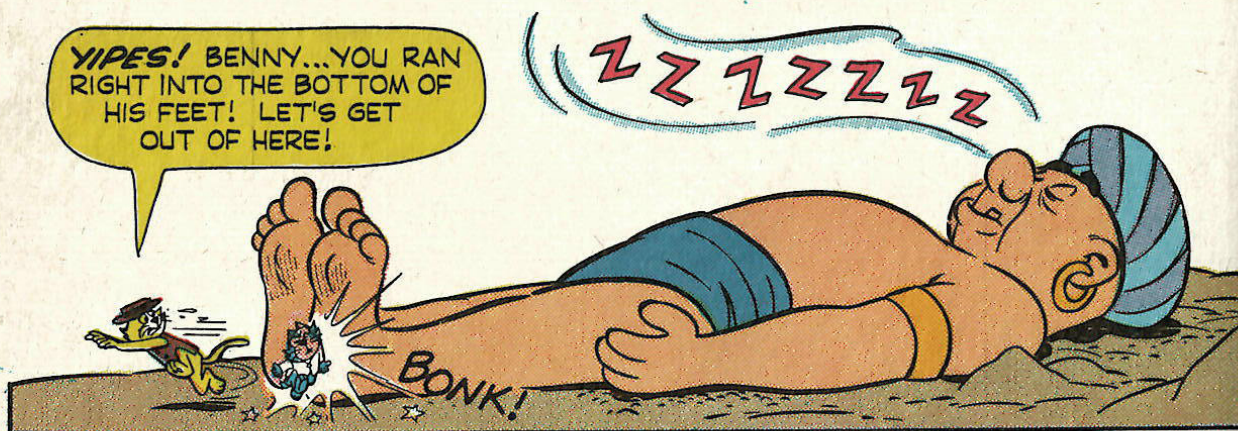
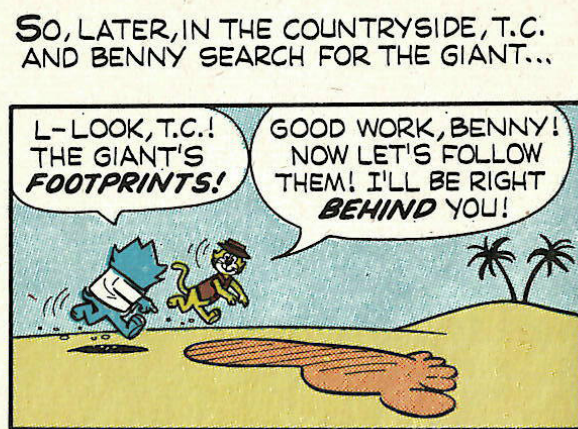
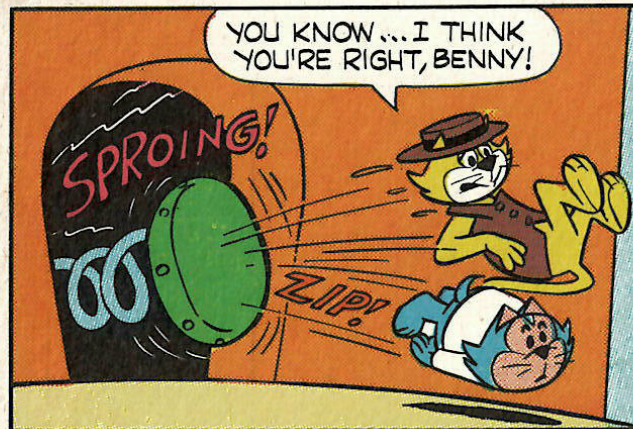
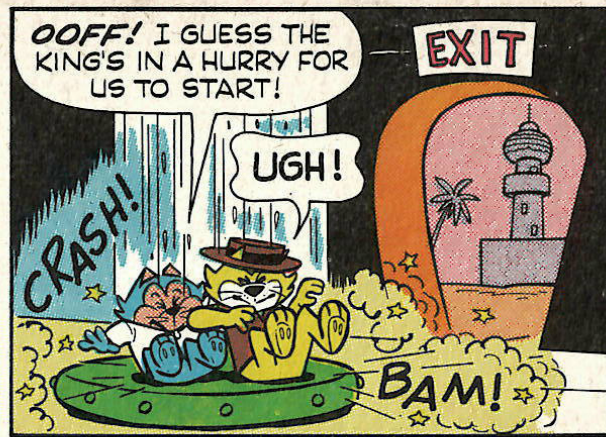
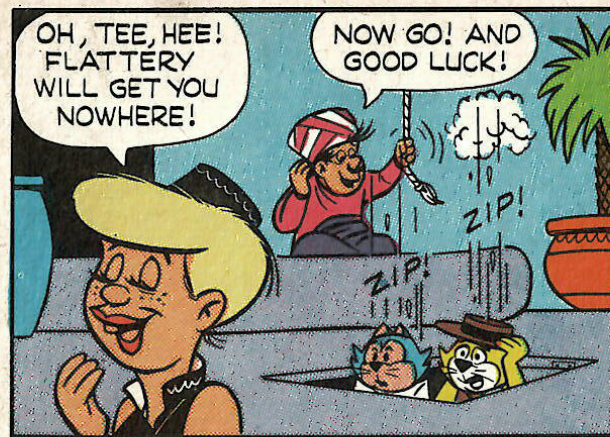
D-D-DRAGON?

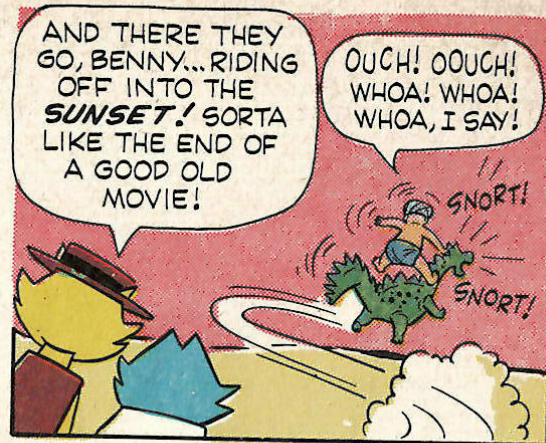
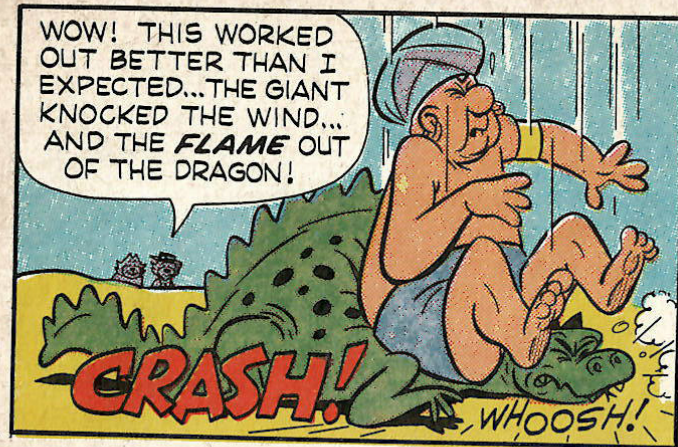


AND THIRD... AHM, HEH, HEH! YOU MUST FIND A HUSBAND FOR MY DAUGHTER, THE PRINCESS!

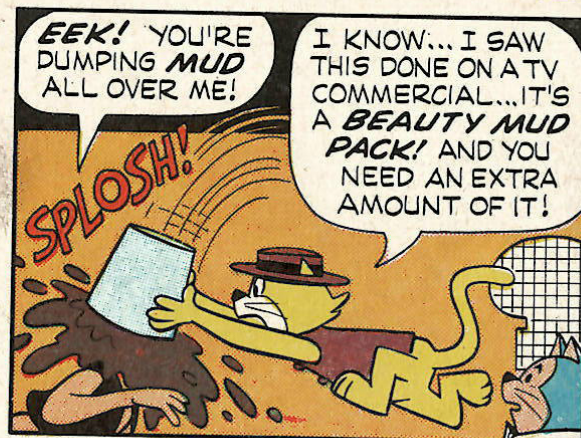
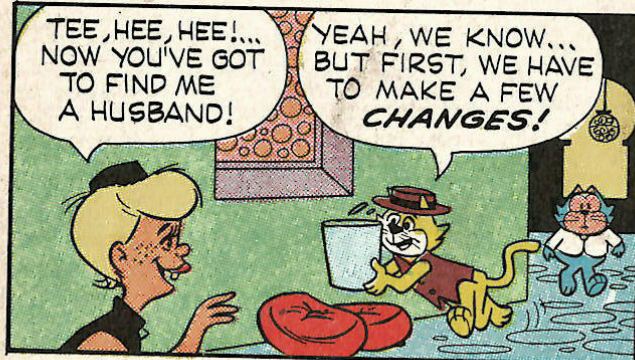
TEE, HEE!

YEEOW! WITH THE GIANT AND DRAGON WE MIGHT HAVE A CHANCE... BUT THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE!

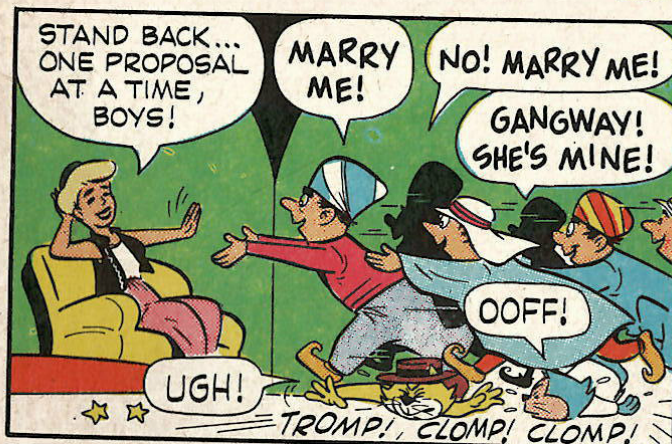
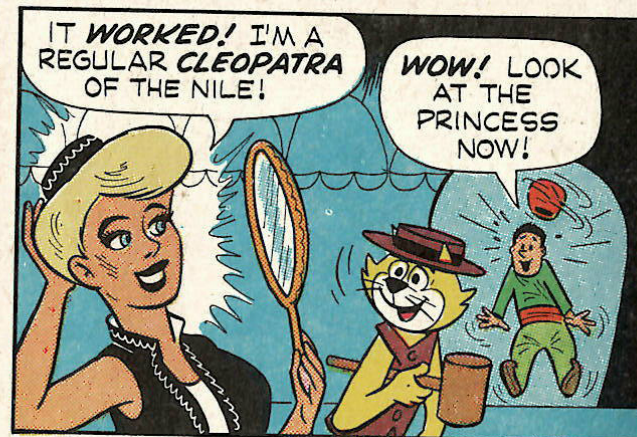




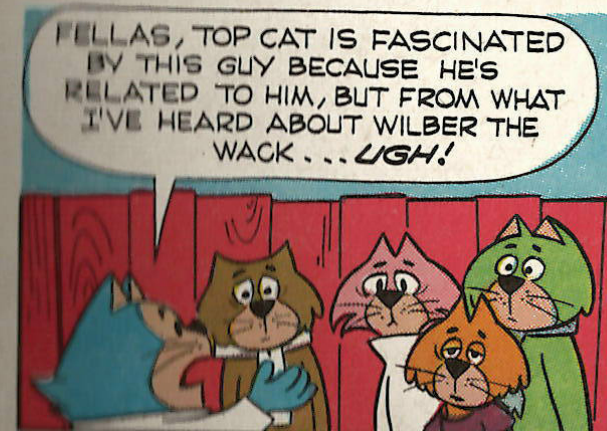
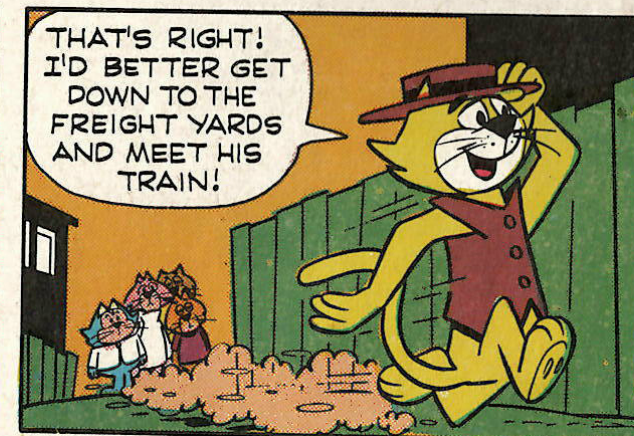
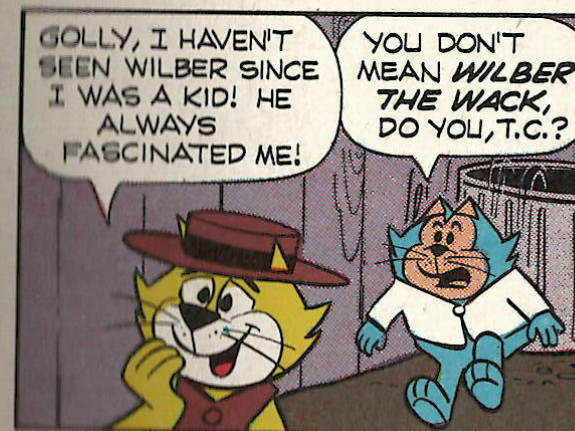
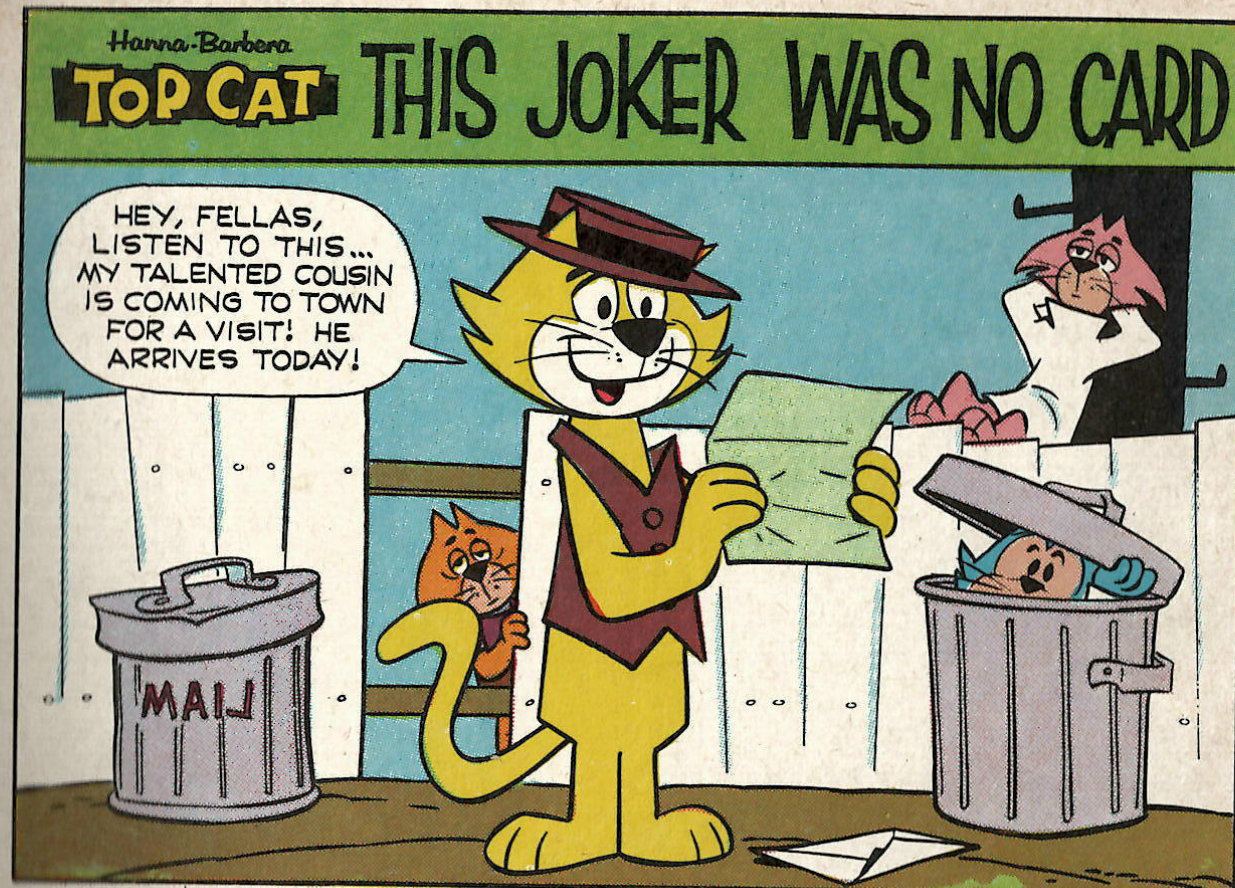
LATER, BACK AT THE PALACE, THERE REMAINS BUT ONE DEED LEFT TO DO...

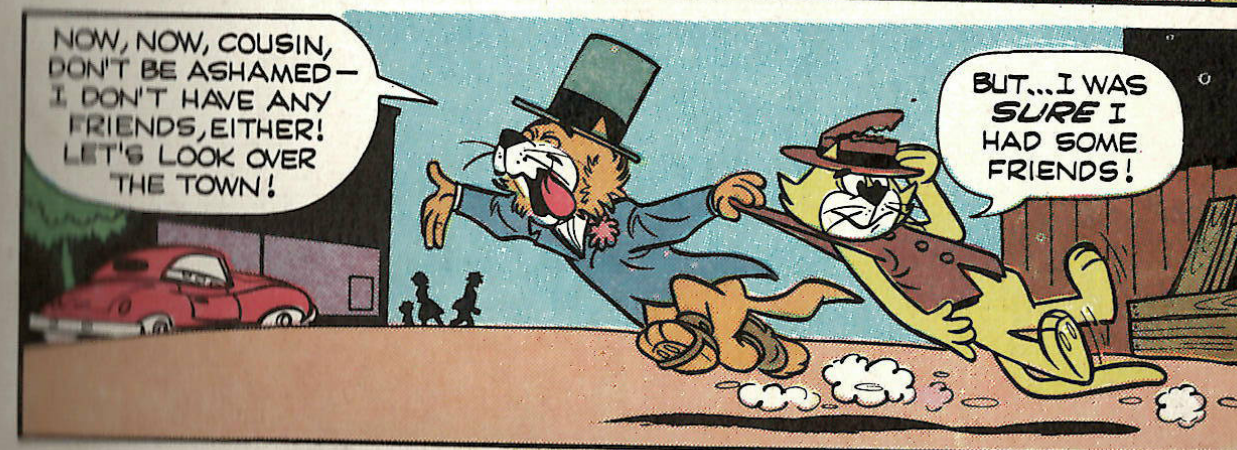
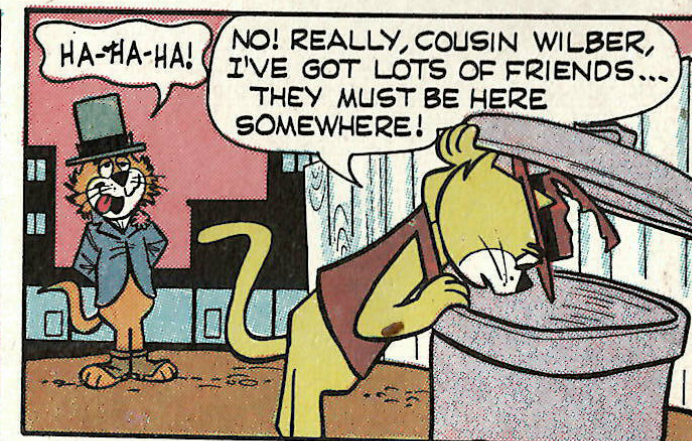
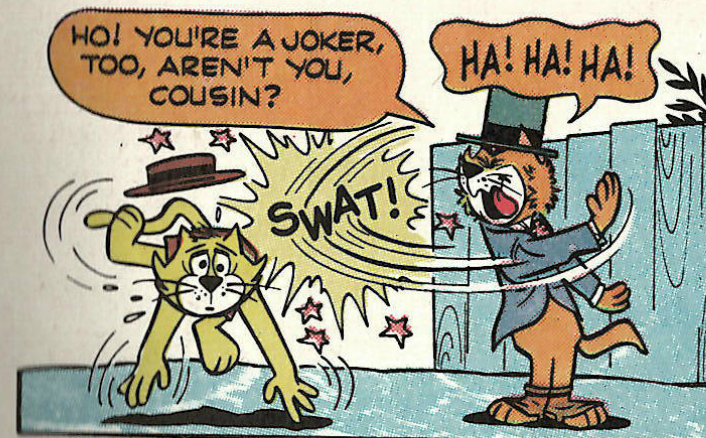
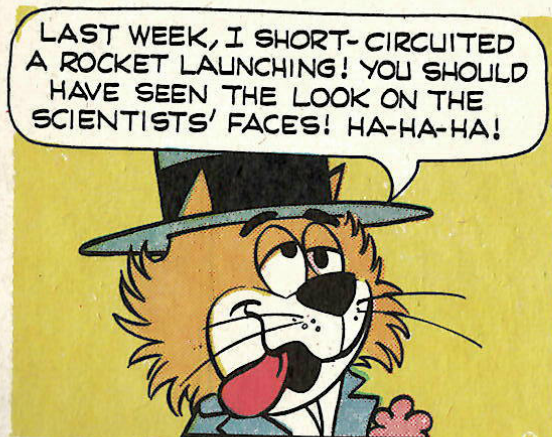
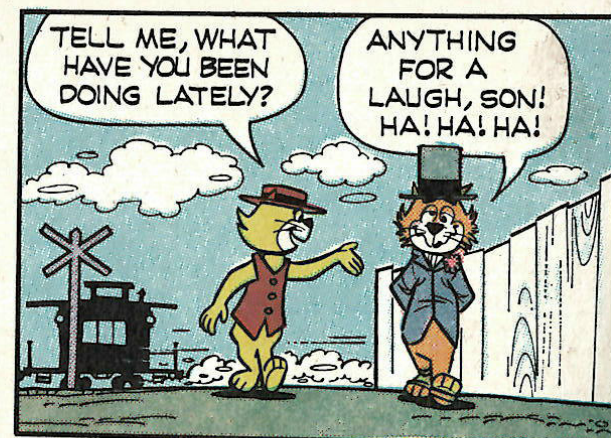
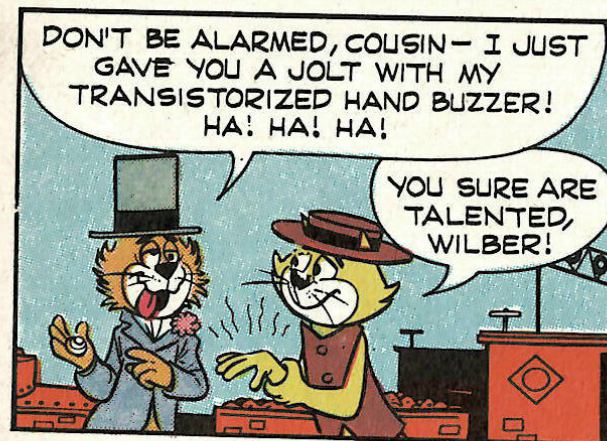
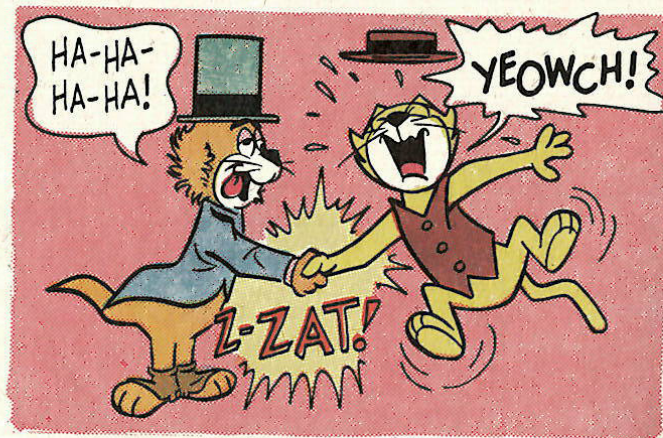
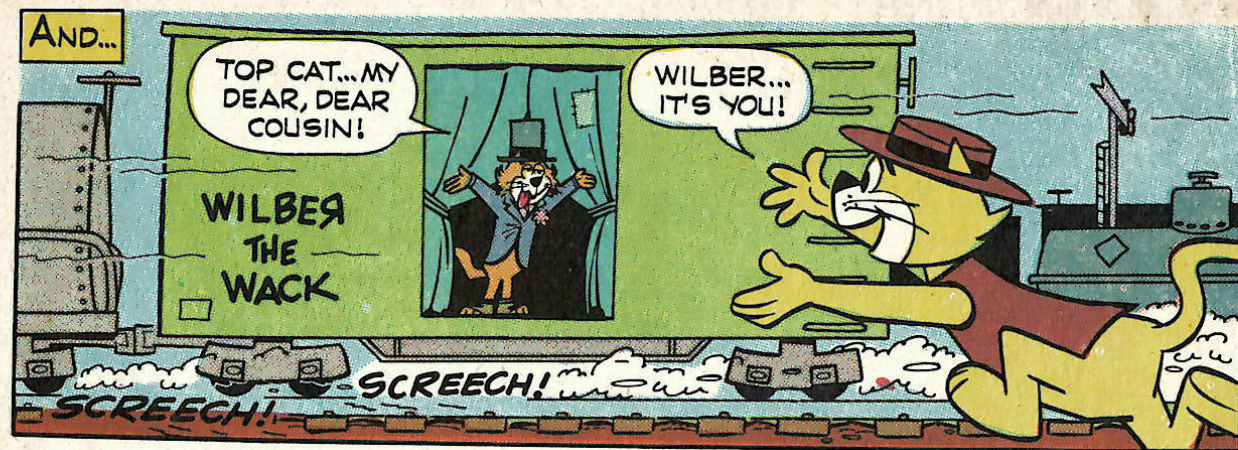


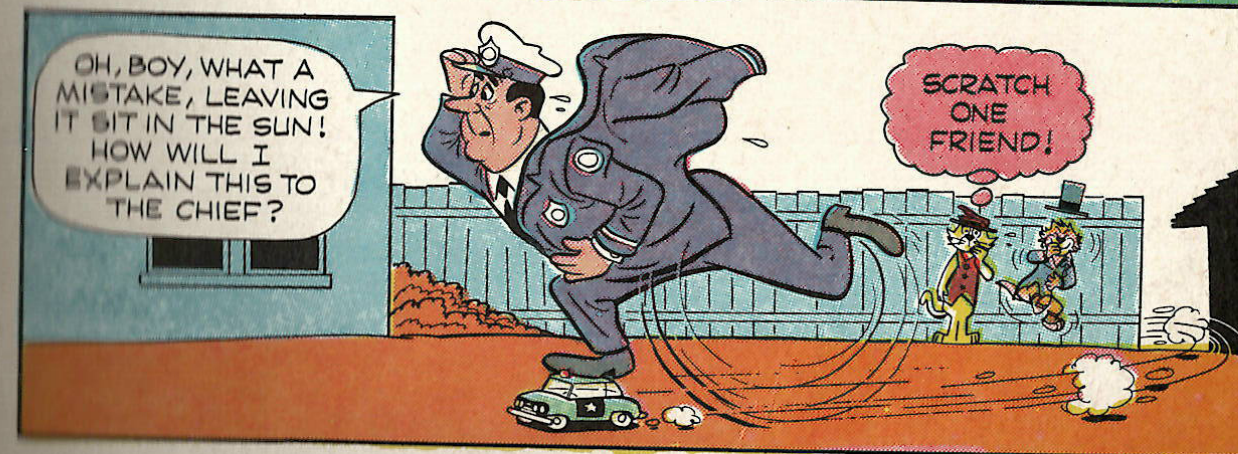
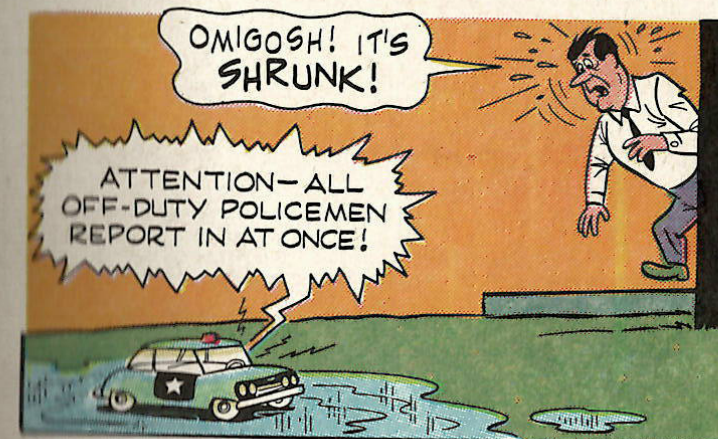
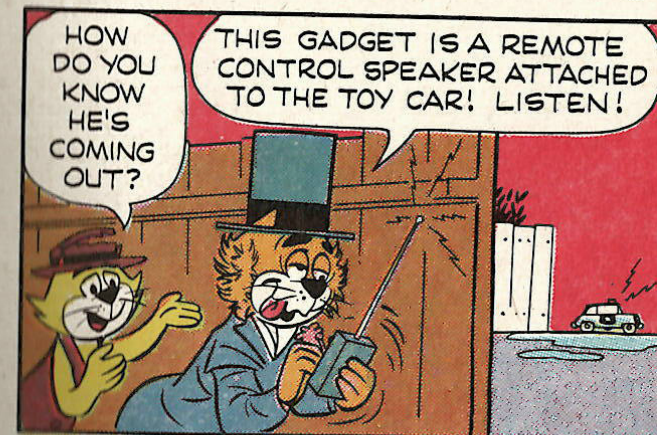
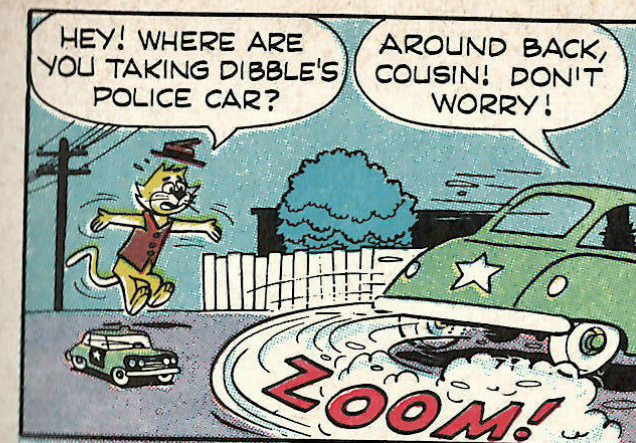
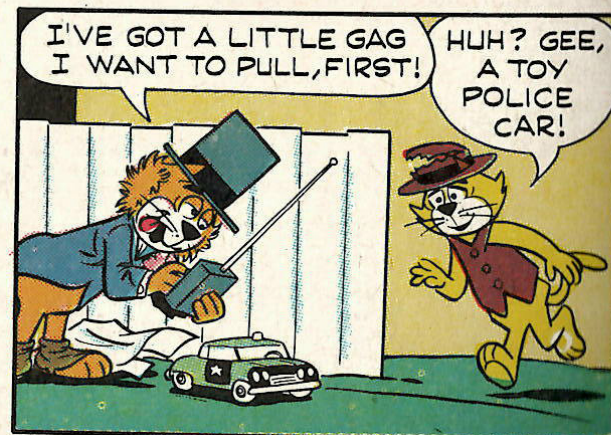
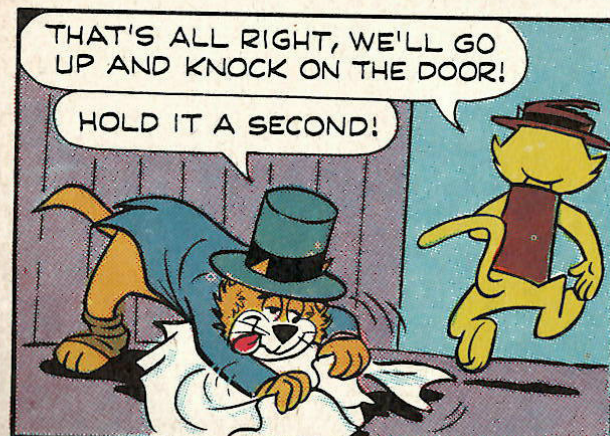
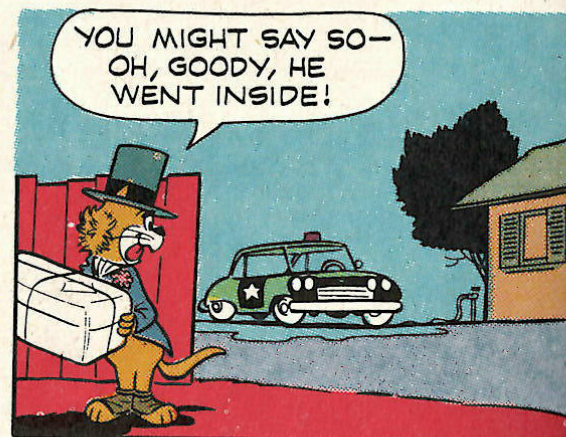
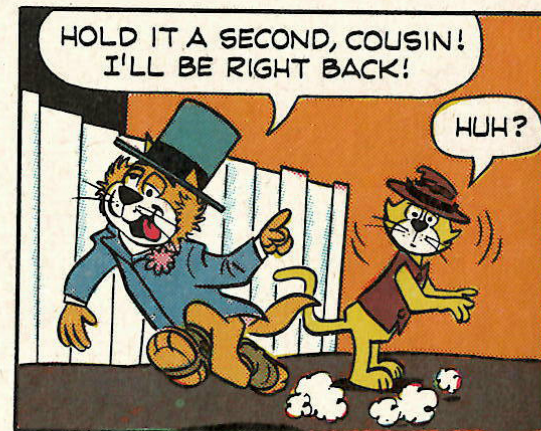
SHORTLY, THE MUD PACK DRIES...

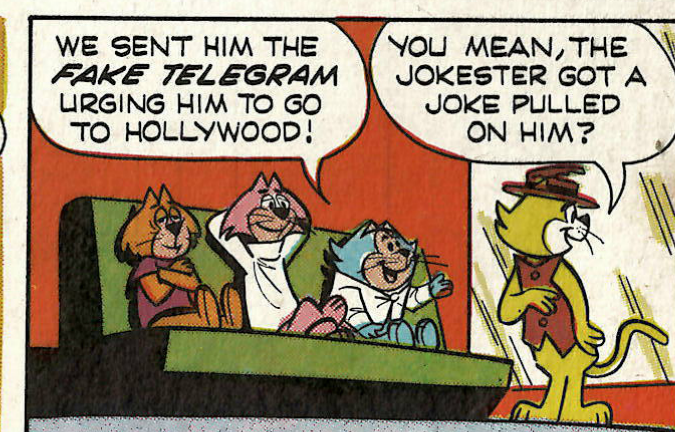
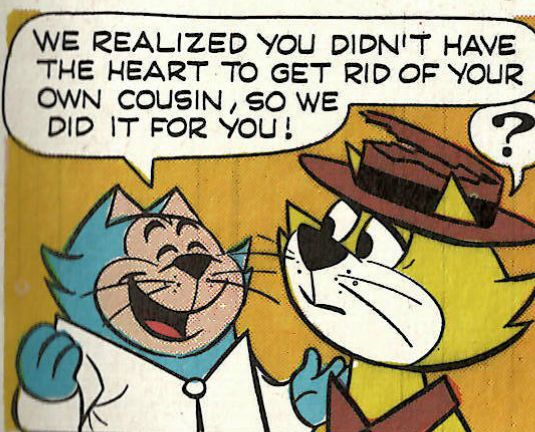
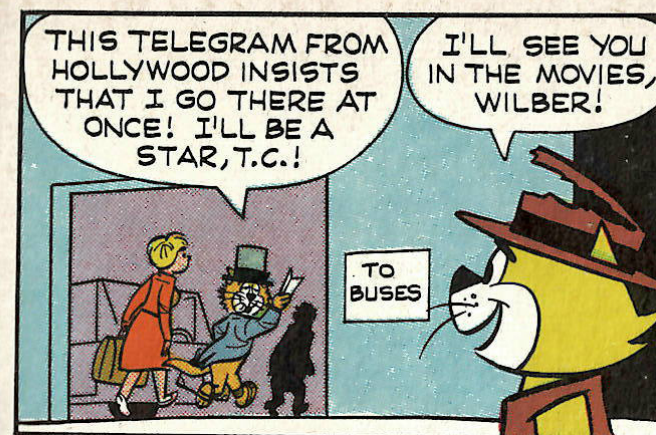
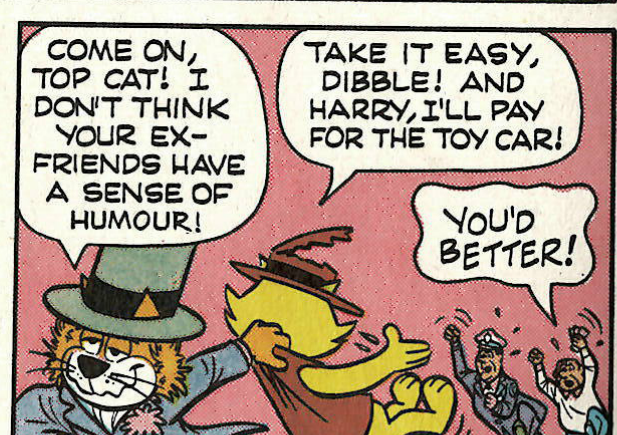
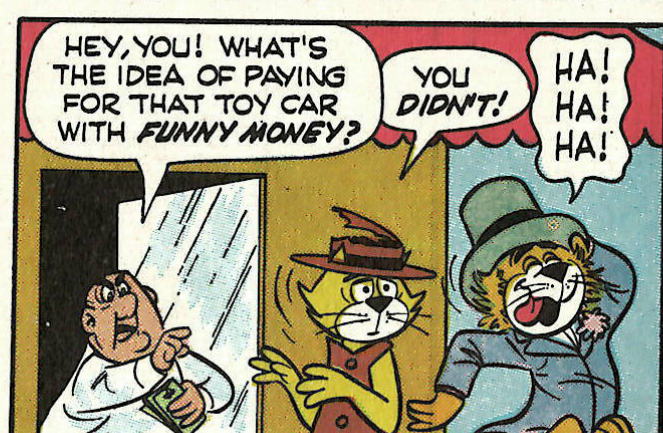


SO, THE THREE DEEDS FULFILLED, T.C. AND BENNY ARE RETURNED HOME...









YAKKY DOODLE'S TRIP



"Chopper! Oh, Chopper! I'm so excited!" Yakky said, rushing into Chopper's house.

"Huh? What happened, little pal?" Chopper asked, awakening from his nap.

"My cousins are stopping to visit me on their way south tomorrow—and guess what?"

"What?" asked Chopper eagerly.

"They want me to go south with them for the winter! Isn't that wonderful?"

"Why, that's great!" replied Chopper.

"Just think . . . warm sunshine, nice clear pools to swim in . . . no more snow and frozen ponds for me." Then, "Oh, Chopper," Yakky wailed. "Isn't it terrible?"

"Terrible?" asked Chopper, in surprise.

"Yes — you'll be here all alone in the cold snowy weather! You won't have anyone to keep you company, while I'm gone!"

"Aw, now don't you worry about me," said Chopper. "I'll get along fine. You just run on and get ready for your trip."

"All right, Chopper," answered Yakky, brightening. "Will you come and say good-bye to me tomorrow?"

"Sure, sure," grinned Chopper. "I'll be there to see you off."

As Yakky hurried away, Chopper thought, "It will be real peaceful without Yakky around for a while. I'll be able to finish my nap every day, at last."

The next day when Chopper went to say good-bye to Yakky, he found the pond full of ducks and Yakky full of excitement.

"Hi, Chopper," Yakky called gaily. "Come and meet all my cousins."

"Chopper is my very, very bestest friend," Yakky explained to the other ducks. "When the fox is after me, Chopper always chases him away . . . don't you Chopper? And I keep Chopper from getting lonely and cheer him

up when he gets sad . . . don't I, Chopper?"

"Yeah, yeah," Chopper answered softly.

"We're glad to meet him," said the leader of the ducks. "But now we must go. Everybody ready for take-off!"

"So soon?" gasped Yakky. "I have to say good-bye to Chopper first."

"Good-bye, Yakky," said Chopper. "Have fun down south."

"Take good care of yourself," said Yakky, patting his friend.

"Sure, sure, you, too. And don't get sunburned," Chopper grinned weakly.

"Be careful not to catch cold," Yakky cautioned, swallowing hard to hold back tears, "and . . . and . . . don't get lonesome."

"I'll try not to," Chopper sniffed.

Then the flock took to the sky, with Yakky in their midst, and Chopper watched till they were out of sight. Turning homeward, Chopper sighed, "I miss that little feller already."

The next few days were lonely ones for Chopper. Even the long peaceful dreamy naps he had wished for began to bore him. Then, one day, a small familiar voice calling, "Oh Chopper!" filled his dreams.

Turning over, Chopper muttered, out of habit, "What is it, little pal?"

"Hi, Chopper," came the voice again.

Chopper sat up and rubbed his eyes, as little Yakky Doodle appeared before him.

"Yakky!" he exclaimed. "It can't be you! I must still be dreaming."

"No, Chopper," Yakky answered. "It's no dream. I got lonesome and came back. I'm really here. You're not dreaming."

"Now ain't that cute," Chopper laughed, "you turned out to be the nicest dream I never had, little pal!"

Hanna-Barbera TOP CAT

LION AROUND

